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ROBERT HEATH'S Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest Pull-on Sports Hat in their *superfine quality* Felt which is absolutely waterproof and unspottable. Very smart with brim narrowing towards the back. In White, Castor, Golden Brown, Ash, Cinnamon, Havan, Cuba, Basil, Navy, and Black. Complete with plumage Mount. Sizes 6¾, 7, 7¼ Price **37/6**

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AN exceptional opportunity to secure Genuine and reliable Furs at Bargain Prices. To keep our staff employed during the Summer months we offer the whole of our stock at 25% discount. Buy NOW and save money.

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What is Beauty?

A pensive type of beauty this that Hoppé has chosen as his ideal—a face that might belong to a Madonna-painting of the Renaissance. Beauty serenely unadorned, secure in its simplicity and purity.

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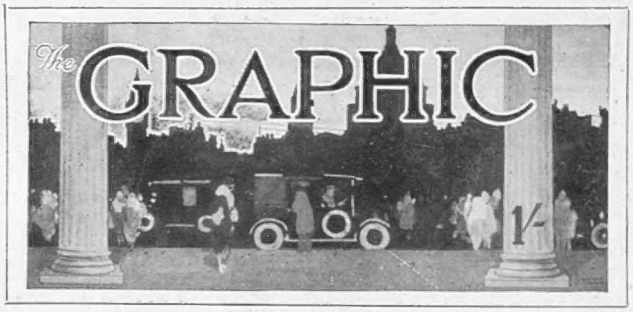

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CHAIRS, 33 ins. high, 19 ins. diam. .. each 9/6
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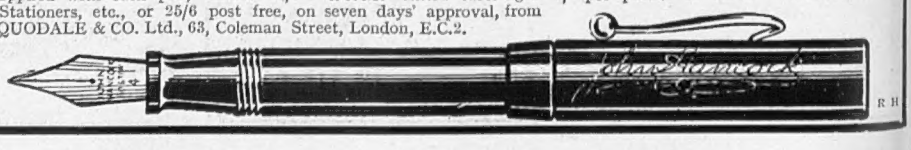

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L.A. 71.—
Wonderful Coatee, exact copy of Model, in best quality Crepe-de-Chine, Collar to fold rather high at neck, Colours made to order in 3 or 4 days. Special value in Made-Lace Department.

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"The Overcoat for Every Occasion"

Keeps its wearer dry in the heaviest downpour, warm when it is chilly and comfortable whatever the weather.

FEATHERLIGHT AND AIR-FREE

The Burberry always maintains an even temperature, and is the lightest and coolest coat for hot or dusty days.

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Genuine Reductions
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Now Proceeding.

CHARMING JUMPER

of Heavy Quality Jap Spun Silk,

having Puritan collar with smart slot tie, turn-back cuffs and deep hem at waist. A smart feature is the pocket finished with a deep hem—adaptable for the monogram now in vogue. A new model portraying the well-known "Walpole" characteristics – perfect cut, finish and material.

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23/6

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We Pay Carriage within the British Isles.

Welcome to The All Electric House at Wembley!

HERE is something of practical value to every housewife.

Housework done easily and quickly at the touch of a switch. No dust or dirt, no fumes or drudgery—everything spotless and comfortable.

Be sure to visit the ELECTRIC HOUSE! the most restful corner of the Great Show.

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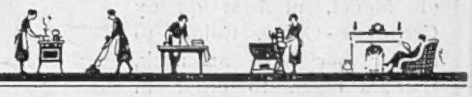

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SOLVES THE PROBLEM

How to get the latest Shingled effect without cutting the hair.

Perfect shape and fit—put on in a moment!

The Adjustograph transformation can be supplied in any other style desired.

(All shades of hair matched to a nicety).

All other styles and dressings are available.

Adjustograph prices: Transformation from 12 guineas; Semi-Transformation from 7 guineas: Toupet (for front only) from 5 guineas—by instalments if preferred. Send for catalogue, post free.

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(Opposite New Bond Street.) Telephone: Mayfair 4200.

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Miss Sybil Thorndike

whose genius and wonderful popularity give intense interest to what she says on womanly charm, *writes:*

"I find Snowfire Cream most pleasant to use and very soothing to the skin."

You will soon experience a fascinating difference in the texture of your skin if you use Snowfire Cream because, in a way impossible with ordinary face creams, it cleanses the pores, nourishes the tissue, and revitalises tired facial muscles.

Snowfire CREAM

Sold in handsome opal jars for the dressing table, price 1/3.

Also in a new aluminium container specially made for the handbag, price 3d.

Snowfire Cream brings out delightfully that natural bloom which is the ideal of womanly loveliness. Refreshing, fragrant, and soothing, it is non-greasy, non-sticky, and does not promote growth of hair.

Of all Chemists and Stores.

He has known the same experience a thousand times and more. And still each time there comes a glint of joy to the maestro's eye when he sees that

The Piano is a STEINWAY

The Instrument of the Immortals

GRANDS, UPRIGHTS AND REPRODUCING PLAYER PIANOS

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

"CHARM"

Woman's sweetest attribute

This magic power to fascinate is certainly far from unattainable. Thousands of women have proved that a skin without blemish, fine in texture, smooth, soft and delicate-looking, can be acquired by massage.

Pond's Cold Cream, massaged gently into the pores each night, cleanses far more efficiently than soap and water. It also feeds the skin, prevents lines and roughness, and imparts a clear, smooth and supple appearance to the complexion. After massage wipe off any surplus cream with a soft towel, and note how the dirt is brought away; then allow some cream to remain in the pores overnight.

Pond's Vanishing Cream—a day cream which should be used whenever occasion demands—requires no massage, and has a remarkably freshening effect. It is particularly valuable in summer as a protection against sunburn and freckles.

FREE SAMPLES Pond's Extract Company will send, on receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of Vanishing Cream and Cold Cream, containing a liberal supply.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

Both Creams are obtainable from all Chemists and Stores in Opal Jars at 1/3 and 2/6, and in collapsible tubes at 7½d. (handbag size) and 1/-. The Cold Cream also in extra large tubes 2/6.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 103, St. John Street, London, E.C.1.

Pond's Cold Cream

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THE SUNDAY TIMES makes a direct appeal to all classes of readers.

Its Home and Foreign News is full and comprehensive and presented without sensationalism.

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Slenderness comes from the Bath.

Descriptive Booklet post free.

MANY thousands, once too corpulent to be comfortable, now living pictures of healthy gracefulness, have found a wonderfully pleasant way to regain and retain their slenderness in Clark's Thinning Bath Salts.

A Bath made deliciously fragrant with these refreshing Salts is unfailing in its thinning effects, tones up the system and regulates the perspiration functions of the skin, ensuring at the same time the dispersal of all unpleasing exhalations.

Of Chemists, Stores, etc., at 1/3 a packet, 12 for 13/6, or post free from—

The Sole British Agents:

Heppells Chemists,

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COLONIAL AGENTS: South Africa—Lennon, Ltd. India—Smith, Stanistreet & Co.

Clark's Thinning Bath Salts

Prepared by Clark's, Rue Vicienne, Paris

YOUR ANKLES speedily assume the shapeliness that pleases every eye when gently massaged with **Clark's Reducing Paste.** Per Pot, 5/6.

Post Your Order Now

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NOW IN PROGRESS

Offer of
FRENCH VOILE BLOUSES

Dainty French Voile Blouse in White. Soft falling revers entirely hand embroidered and trimmed valenciennes lace. The sleeves are finished with hand drawn thread work to match the fronts. Suitable for all figures. In Sizes 40 to 46"
SALE PRICE 25/9

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Posticheurs D'art & Hair Specialists.

You should see a "Nicol" Transformation

It will greatly surprise you by its wonderfully realistic reproduction of nature at its best. Equally becoming and pleasing for ordinary wear or special occasions.

A visit to our Showrooms is requested, or postiches can be sent on approval.

Permanent Waving of ladies' own hair by an entirely new process without use of electric heaters.

The "Nonetta Parting" Transformation (your "friend in need"). Price from 15 Guineas. Toupet from 7 Guineas.

Please write for Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue, or visit our Showrooms.

170 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Two minutes walk from Piccadilly end of Bond Street.
Removed from 50, Haymarket, S.W.

We pay Carriage within the British Isles.

WALPOLES IRISH LINENS
The finest the world produces.

Our Sale Catalogue will be sent Post Free.

Genuine Reductions
Guaranteed Qualities

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Now Proceeding
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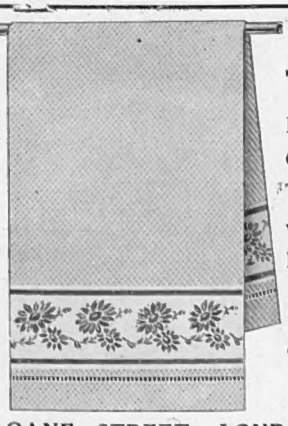
"Walpole" Household Linens

TOWELS
(as illustrated)
No. 15. Linen Huck Face Towels, with Damask Border.
Size 22 x 40 in.
SALE PRICE 27/6
Dozen.

SHEETS
Hemstitched Linen Sheets. Fine quality. For single beds.
Size 2 x 3½ yd.
SALE PRICE 49/6
Pair.



BATH TOWELS
Heavy Quality Christy's Bath Towels. Extra large, with all White Hemmed ends.
Size 41 x 57 in.
SALE PRICE 6/11
Each.

175-176, SLOANE STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
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GREAT REDUCTIONS in LINGERIE, CHILDREN'S FROCKS, BABY LINEN. Entire Stock of our Fine Quality Goods is to be cleared. EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY for best goods at BARGAIN PRICES.
DURING JULY

ALSO
Fine Real Laces, Embroideries & Handkerchiefs.

A Large Stock of REAL FLEMISH, FILET, CLUNY and IRISH LACE will be marked at great reductions to clear, for Lingerie and Dresses.
Embroidered and Fancy Handkerchiefs in half dozen packets—15/- to 35/- the ½-doz.
Lengths of Antique Lace from 21/- to £30. Some remarkable bargains.
REMNANTS of good Nottingham Laces, 2/6 to 35/-.
Real Lace Modesty Slips, Collars, Scarves, Berthes, Handkerchiefs, much reduced.
REMNANTS—Lovely Real Lace at Bargain Prices—21/- to £30 the piece.

GOODS SENT FOR SELECTION.

FRENCH-SWISS HOUSE.

Remnants of Embroideries and Trimming Laces for Baby Clothes and Lingerie. Wide Embroidered Flouncings for Robes and Frocks. Parcels sent for selection. Much reduced.

Modesty Slips and Collar in Real Lace from 25/- to 55/-. As Illustration 42/-. Any Goods sent on approval.

Fine Lace Handkerchiefs from 3/9 to 63/-. A beautiful variety sent on approval.

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FOUNDED 1865. 1st Floor. Not a shop.

MORRIS MOTORS LTD

MORRIS Cars

THE REAL COST OF MOTORING.

DEPRECIATION, Repair Bills, Petrol Consumption, Taxation—these make up the Real cost of Motoring. *Not* just the price of the car when you buy it.

YOU buy a car to keep—not for a year, but for a lifetime. The few extra pounds you pay when you choose a Morris in preference to a cheap, imported car are repaid to you over and over again in Morris economy, Morris reliability, Morris efficiency.

THE 11·9 h.p. MORRIS Occasional Four is particularly a car for the British motorist because, like all Morris cars,

1. It is really economical to run.
2. It is built of the best materials procurable and commands an excellent price second-hand.
3. Its petrol and oil consumption are *consistently* low.
4. Its taxation is low, while its power is more than satisfying.
5. It has proper weather protection and is, in a *British* sense, really comfortable.
6. It is backed by a World-famous Service Organisation.
7. It is All-British *and provides work and pay for British workmen.*
8. It is designed throughout with a view to the Owner-driver's comfort and peace of mind.
9. It is the Car for Everywhere.

REMEMBER—The repeal of the McKenna Duties may bring about a slight reduction in the prices of foreign cars, but their high running cost, high taxation and heavy depreciation will remain the same. The buyer will not get anything like the full benefit of the removal of the 33⅓% duty.

You are Not British if you do not *BUY* British.

PRICES:

MORRIS-COWLEY 11·9 h.p.		MORRIS-OXFORD 14/28 h.p.	
Two-seater	£198	Two-seater	£300
Four-seater	£225	Four-seater	£320
Occasional Four	£215	Saloon	£395

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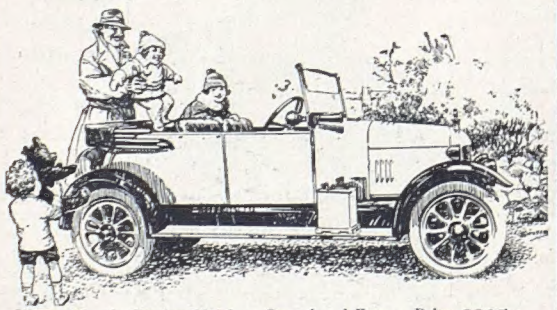
Proof of Performance.

"I have never before found a car of its size so quickly able to get going along the road without bumping its occupants to bits and generally proving vastly uncomfortable. It is a very fast car indeed." — Thus writes "Owen John," probably the best known motoring authority in the country, in "The Autocar," when describing his experiences with a standard Morris Car.



The Morris-Cowley 11·9 h.p. Occasional Four. Price **£215.**

MORRIS MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD

"Cyclax" Violet Ray Bath Salts

the most perfect Bath Salts yet produced.

What can you do to regain the slenderness of youth? Drastic dieting or distasteful drugs will deprive you of health.

Luxurious lavender-perfumed Violet "Cyclax" Baths will improve your health, act upon superfluous tissues through the pores of the skin, and gently but certainly reduce your weight.

Rheumatism, etc.—The pain vanishes with the first bath, and a course will keep these evils in check.

Slender women can use these ***absolutely non-injurious*** *salts without fear as only superfluous flesh is reduced. Just a little in every bath act as a tonic, stimulating the blood and producing a sense of glowing, radiant health.*

"Cyclax" Violet Ray Bath Salts were produced by Mrs. Hemming, the world famous skin consultant.

Price 7/6 per bottle, sufficient for 12 baths.

Obtainable from High-class Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers. If any difficulty is experienced, send your order direct with name of your chemist or Hairdresser.

Write for FREE copy of Mrs. Hemming's wonderful book, "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty."

A. & P. S.—9.

"Cyclax" (Mrs. Hemming), 13 & 14 (A), New Bond St., Regent 2563; 58 (A), South Molton St., London, W. 1, Mayfair 3972. *Agents for India: Vickers Wilson & Co., 24, Chowringhee, Calcutta*

No. 4

"ARDENTE" —What did "TRUTH" write about us?
"ACOUSTIQUE"—The TRUTH.
"ARDENTE" —Why?
"ACOUSTIQUE"—Because they couldn't write less—and there's no need to write more!

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The Bystander, July 9, 1924

No. 1075. Vol. LXXXIII.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

MRS. DUDLEY COATS

Who, with Lady Violet Benson, has arranged the Procession of England in the Pageant of the Heart of Empire Ball held at the Albert Hall to-day (Wednesday)

Silent eloquence

Me, eloquent, sir, when I talk about Kensitas? You'd hardly expect eloquence from a butler. And, if I may say so, sir, I think you agree with me that Kensitas speak for themselves. I've often noticed you hand your cigarette case to other gentlemen without any remark except, "*Try one of these for a change.*"

Exactly, sir. So long as there are gentlemen whose palates are educated to relish the finer growths of age-matured Virginia, so long will there be Kensitas, sir, for their appreciation—with no need to say more than that Kensitas are *always* "as good as really good cigarettes can be."

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Giving Me Shocks

THESE clever people are always giving me shocks. They have a habit of laying their cuckoo's egg in my nest of happy little theories, and before I can look round, I find that my theories have vanished, never to return. Only this morning I read that owing to rapid transit and increased transport facilities, "local types are not so obviously distinct as they once were."

Picture their Plight

THIS discovery may not convey a great deal to the minds of some readers, but it means more than enough to the wretched author who constructs his stories and plays round the doings and sayings of these distinct types that are now said to be leaving us. Fancy a humorist waking one morning to find that Scotsmen are no longer mean. Picture the plight of the famous dramatist who finds that farmers do not chew straws and that Irishmen do not wear green stockings. How can the theatre continue to exist when there are no more Lancashire types for Mr. Norman McKinnell to play, and what will Harry Lauder do with his collection of walking sticks when he can no longer convince us that they are the sorts of sticks that are carried on the Bonnie o' the Doon?

Territorial Types

OF course, it is perfectly true that what we might term territorial types must inevitably disappear. Sir James Barrie lived just in time—another couple of decades and there would have been no Thrums to write about. Eden Phillpotts had a good innings, but now that the charabancs are running over the Moor, his characters are not so convincing as they used to be. Miss Ethel M. Dell is in happier case—no one knows where she finds her characters, and so there is a chance that they may remain unspotted of the world. But, for the rest:

> The farmer doesn't grumble
> The Scotsman isn't mean,
> The Irish never sing about
> The Wearing of the Green. . . .

Western Enterprise

I WAS not at all surprised when Walter Hagen, our latest golf champion, decided that he could not be parted from the caddie who had shared his joys and his sorrows on that eventful Pilgrimage to Success. No man can win the Golf Championship without a sympathetic caddie, and when you have got a good one the best thing is to stick to him. That's where the Americans have such a pull over us. An Englishman would have parted with his caddie with sincere regrets, and put up with an inferior article at the next meeting, but Hagen, with true Western enterprise, tucked his caddie under his arm and took him to Paris. "Wherever I go in Europe you are coming with me," he told him, and now, in the history of the game, Hagen's caddie will rank with Richard Cœur de Lion's troubadour, who brought his master safely home from the Crusades by playing beneath his window.

Sentimental Stuff

WE are so accustomed to singing the praises of sympathetic magistrates, that the action of Judge Cluer in deciding against a man with six children who couldn't pay his rent, came as rather a shock. "I could very easily earn cheap popularity by allowing you to stay on," said the Judge. "It would be very easy to get the applause of unthinking people by so doing, but I am not going to do it. As you cannot pay your rent I have no right to give the landlord's property to you for nothing." In saying which, the Judge showed that he possessed moral courage of a high order, and supplied a welcomed corrective to the sentimental stuff talked by sentimental people who can only view the rights and wrongs of a case from their own sentimental angle.

(Continued on page 71)

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540) 2.30 & 7.45 GRACE LA RUE, THE CANSINOS, MR. & MRS. HALE HAMILTON, FISK UNIVERSITY JUBILEE SINGERS, MORRIS HARVEY & CO., Etc.

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The Real Tragedies

A CORRESPONDENT asks where all the pictures go that are not sold. I suppose he has been walking round the Academy, and that he is suffering from a fit of depression in consequence. I'm afraid I can't help him, but I *do* know that the tragedies of the Academy are not confined only to the pictures that are not sold. What of those old masterpieces of the later Victorian period that come up at the various auction rooms and are knocked down for the price of the frame? Can it be wondered that the artist trembles in his shoes, when he learns that a patron's collection is to be dispersed and that callous dealers will, maybe, ruin his reputation by refusing to realise the lasting qualities of his work. I have been lately to such auctions, and these, believe me, are the real tragedies of the world of paint.

The Fellowship Inn

I HAVE never tried to disguise my hatred of the modern public house, where men are forced to get drunk because there is nothing better to do, and children shiver on the steps because the inside is no fit place for them. Down Catford way they have a Fellowship Inn, which does not depend for its existence on the sale of drink, where no one is served at the counter, and at which music, whist drives, and dances are encouraged. I know you will hardly believe me, and I admit that the idea is so sane that it has all the sound of crazy extravagance. Yet one day, the existing public-house will be swept away, and when this happy day comes, such jolly enterprises as this Fellowship Inn of which I am speaking will deserve their fair share of the credit.

An Old Gibe

THE spectacular side of the tennis season is practically over and we have only the sensational snapshots of the courts to entertain us until Wimbledon again comes round. What a commentary those same snap-shots of stern-faced men and leaping girls are upon the old gibe that tennis was an effeminate game! Compared with modern tennis, cricket is a game for the aged and infirm, and even baseball loses much of its thrill.

How to be Happy

A LADY who lived to be a hundred and one has left a recipe for long life. "Keep bright and cheery," said this excellent dame, and those of us who are hedged in with the troubles that buzz around us like hornets on a stagnant pool wish she had gone one further and explained how this excellent result might be best achieved. Was her cheerfulness achieved by early rising, or a vegetarian diet? We all want to be cheerful and we should all like to know.

Order out of Chaos

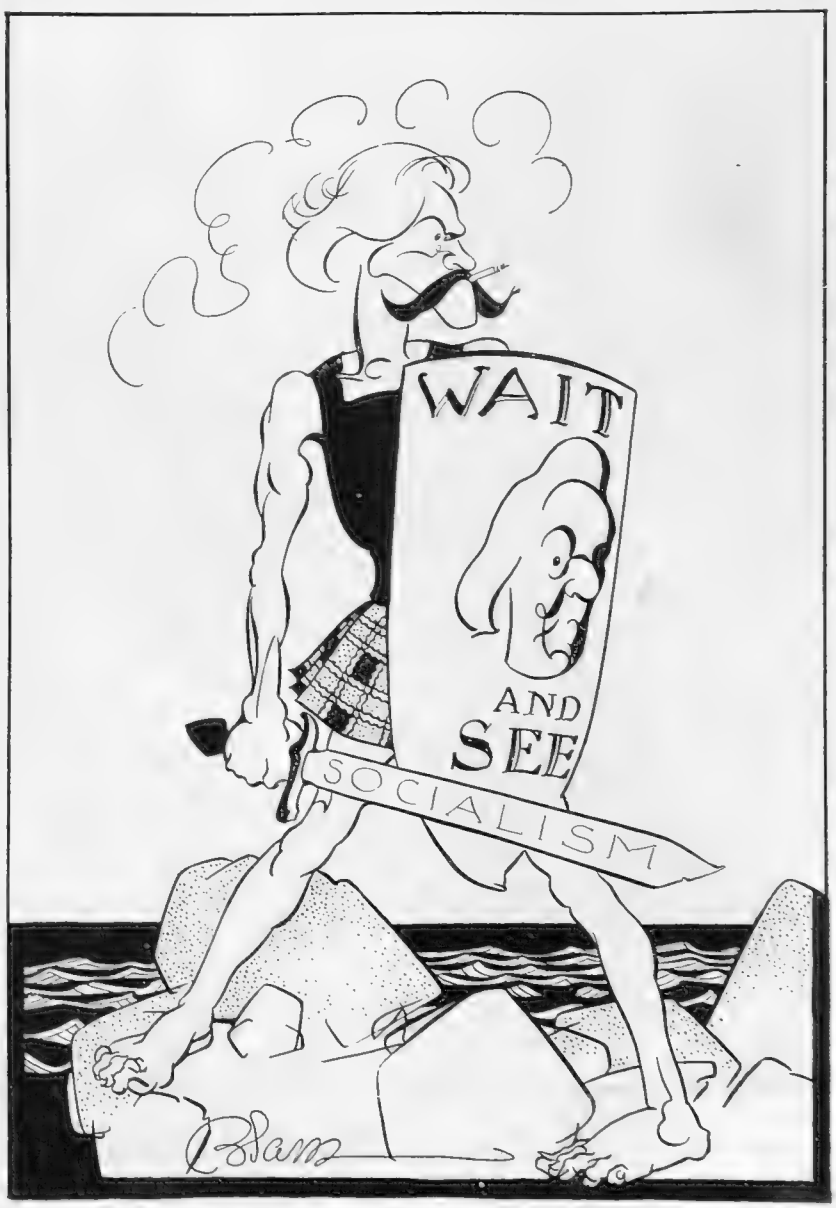
THE Great Western Railway people have promised to standardise the departure of their trains and a heavy load will be lifted from the lives of those passengers who faint at the sight of a time-table and look upon Bradshaw as an author qualified to provide the West End with a new series of Grand Guignol plays. It is time the railways did something to simplify the running order of their trains, and if they succeed in getting order out of chaos civilisation will have taken a decided step forward. Fancy being able to carry the trains to Birmingham in your head—every man his own time-table, so to speak!

Suitable Expressions

I HAVE a bone to pick with those daily papers who illustrate the latest news item with portraits of the people most closely concerned. I suggest that an effort should be made to secure photographs bearing an expression suitable to the occasion. At present, we have a gentleman killed in a land-slide, laughing as though his sudden demise was the best joke he had heard for a long time, while a lady who has won a big sweep, looks as though her one concern is the amount of income tax she will be charged on the windfall. Will Editors kindly note? I make no charge for the suggestion.

A Sneaking Regard

HOW much longer will it be reasonable to take War services into consideration when dealing with the frailties of men who played their part in Armageddon. A magistrate has raised the question by saying bluntly that he will always be prejudiced in favour of such as these, and although the dictum is a little startling, I'm not at all sure that War service should not remain permanently on the credit side of a man's profit and loss account. Perhaps we ought not to advertise the fact too widely, but there is no harm in having a sneaking regard for the warrior of yesterday even though he be the weaker brother of to-day.



RAMSAY'S "SURE SHIELD" By Blam

Dark Doings in the World of Diplomacy

BY E. T. REED

MR. MACDONALD: "Raise the Drawbridges! Close the Portcullises! Flood all subterranean approaches, and admit nobody (but the photographers)—we are about to discuss Foreign Affairs!"

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Photograph *Personality Photo Press*

FOUR-HORSE POWER

One of the equipages at the recent meet of the Coaching Club at the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park. Mr. Cleeve is seen in charge of the R.H.A., Woolwich, coach

"BOXES FULL" [*Personality Photo Press*

Mr. [illegible] Brotherhood driving a team of blacks at the second meet of the Coaching Club this season. The box party includes Capt. Bertram Mills and the Misses Brotherhood

Concerning Clothes

MEN are very rarely forced to ask themselves the question, "What shall I wear?" a question which pursues and harasses women, even in their slumbers. But your Bystander confesses frankly that when he received his invitation to the Government Garden Party at Hampton Court, "What shall I wear?" immediately flashed through his mind.

The invitation was from the Government. Now, the Government being Socialist, was it the greater civility to go to its Garden Party in the garments affected by Socialists on occasions of ceremony—to wit, a lounge suit and a Trilby hat? Or, as the Government *is* the Government, and represents the country, ought one to pay the respect due to one's country—as one pays respect to one's Sovereign—by going in the tall hat and morning coat of the protocol?

Your Bystander came to the conclusion that respect for one's country outweighed any consideration for Socialistic vagaries concerning clothes. Therefore he donned his tail coat, had his tall hat ironed—it had suffered severely at the Royal Garden Party whilst he was trying to get some tea for a thirsty female—fastened the little round label with "Government Entertainment" on it on a top button, and hied him to Hampton Court.

He was received by a Prime Minister wearing a grey lounge suit and a grey Trilby hat!

Some of the Cabinet Ministers had evidently followed your Bystander's line of reasoning with regard to their garments; others had followed Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's example. And, from that grey lounge suit and grey Trilby hat—since Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has shown such particular care in following the prescribed dress for all official occasions—may we take it that such is the orthodox garb for Government Garden Parties?

But why do lounge suits and squash hats give the air of a school treat, or of an out-of-door temperance meeting, to gatherings of this kind? They do, and they certainly did at Hampton Court.

Grosvenor House Pictures

THE sensation last week—after the retirement of Mdlle. Lenglen from the tennis at Wimbledon—was the sale of sixty-three of the Grosvenor House pictures, the pick of the Duke of Westminster's collection if you leave out his Rembrandts. Whilst the pictures were on view Christie's reminded one of the Private View day at the Academy. Heaps of people flocked to see them. But in many cases, I fancy, curiosity had more to do with the visit to King Street than love of art.

Four of the pictures were by Rubens—one "Abraham receiving Bread and Wine from Melchizedek," a prodigious size, 14 feet by 19 feet. The first Marquis of Westminster, following the fashion of the early nineteenth century, when no nobleman thought he was fittingly housed unless he possessed a picture gallery, made the

Photograph *P. and A.*

ROYALTY AT STOCKHOLM

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland being escorted down the railway platform at Stockholm by King Gustave. The Queen is visiting Sweden for a holiday during the summer

Photograph *Photopress*

SPEECH DAY AT HARROW SCHOOL

Lord and Lady Farnham (right) with their son and daughter, the Hon. Somerset and the Hon. Marjory Maxwell, at Harrow School for the Speech Day celebrations. Mr. Maxwell is head boy of the school

Photograph

A DRESSY AFFAIR

Three boys of Harrow School who took part in the Byron Commemoration Play, with several other important people on Speech Day. In honour of the centenary of Harrow's famous poet, speeches this year consisted of selections from Byron's works

fine collection at Grosvenor House. He bought these four Rubens from the Danish Minister to Spain, who, in his turn had bought them from the French after their invasion of the Peninsula and entry into Madrid in 1808. Perhaps it isn't polite to say so, but they were obviously "loot" by the French from the Spaniards.

It is now quite clear that the Duke of Westminster does not intend to live in Grosvenor House again, and in these days of high taxation it is obviously not a business proposition to leave thousands of pounds' worth of pictures hanging on the walls of an empty house, where they were only seen when it was lent for charity balls or other entertainments. I am told on good authority that every time the Duke lent Grosvenor House it cost him £30 for the uncovering of the pictures and furniture, and general arrangement of the house. If, as it seems probable, the site of Grosvenor House and its garden will one day be covered with a huge block of flats, the difficulty of housing the Westminster pictures would at once arise. There is no room at Eaton Hall, and Bourdon House, the Duke's town house in Davies Street, is a pill-box in comparison with his two other palaces.

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

PRESENTING THE CHAMPION CUP

Lady Valentia presenting the Champion Cup to Mr. Earl Hopping, captain of the Eastcott team, after the final at Hurlingham. Eastcott beat Templeton by 11 goals to 5 without much effort

Photograph *I. C. Pakenham*

A RACE QUESTION IN INDIA

A snapshot at the Ootacamund Races, "featuring" the Hon. Mrs. Balfour and her sister, the Hon. Cicely Goschen, daughters of Lord Goschen, Governor of Madras

It Sounded So Different

Mon Dieu has no more significance to a Frenchwoman, be she a *bonne à tout faire* or a great lady in the Faubourg Saint Germain, than our "Dear me" means to us. But translated literally into English, the expression can sound odd, very odd, to British ears.

We have had a sprightly French lady—*une grande dame de par le monde*—staying in our midst, a lady who prides herself upon her English. But her English is a literal translation from her native French, and she hasn't a glimmering of an understanding of the perils of literal translation. Because of this ignorance at the Royal Garden Party she nearly killed a Bishop's wife—one of those

Photograph

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY

Lieutenant Cressy, his bride Miss Ullathorne, and a few swords. Bride and bridegroom are leaving Brompton Oratory after their marriage last week

Photograph *Topical*

AGRICULTURALLY INCLINED

Prince Henry at the Royal Agricultural Society's Eighty-third Annual Show, held at Leicester last week. The King won nine firsts with his exhibits, and the Prince of Wales was also successful with some Shorthorn bulls from Cornwall

Photograph *Personality Photo Press*

RESTING AFTER THE ROUND

Captain the Hon. George Evan Baillie with his mother, Baroness Burton, Mrs. Payne-Gallwey, and Major Harran, at the Royal Agricultural Show at Leicester. Despite the expected depletion of numbers in the cattle, sheep and pig sections, some excellent exhibits were shown

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT THE NEWMARKET SALES

Mrs. Stokes and Lord Londesborough inspecting several new lines at the Newmarket blood-stock sales last week. Unlike other sales, there is no remnant day at Newmarket

Photograph *Art-Photo*

THAT "RUFF" STUFF

Miss Dorothy Deane, who is appearing at the Albert Hall to-night (Wednesday) in the Welsh part of the Empire Pageant to be held at the "Heart of the Empire" Ball

large enough, so the Duke of Westminster offered his sister Grosvenor House. If all one hears is true this is probably the last time Grosvenor House will be the scene of such a gathering, which recalled to many last week the brilliant festivities there in old days.

Lady Beauchamp had arranged for the ball to take place on Lord Elmley's birthday—last Thursday—but as there were seven or eight other big dances that night, it was advanced a day earlier when the only other event that would clash with

[illegible]. Bishops' wives, who look as if they were carrying their husband's mitre in their handbag, and [illegible] crozier, folded in two, hidden in their umbrella.

The French *grande dame* and the Bishop's lady had a slight acquaintance. The Bishop's lady, having that weakness to which British flesh seems especially [illegible] deep regard for the [illegible] greeted the French [illegible] effusiveness, an effusiveness, I hasten to add because I like to be just, tempered by a truly episcopal dignity.

"My God, Mrs. Bishop," said the great French lady, shaking the proffered hand. "How it makes hot. Just like hell."

It would have sounded so different in French!

The Ball of the Season

The ball given by Countess Beauchamp for the coming out of her daughter, Lady Lettice Lygon, and the coming-of-age of her son, Lord Elmley, at Grosvenor House, was the most important of the whole season—certainly as far as numbers went. The original intention was to give the ball at Halkyn House, the Beauchamp town house in Belgrave Square, which Lord Beauchamp took over some time ago from his step-mother, Emily Countess Beauchamp. But as the list of invitations grew it was found the house, big as it is, would not be

it was the huge reception given by the King's Bodyguard—"His Majesty's Bodyguard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms" to give them their full designation—at St. James's Palace to meet the Duke and Duchess of York. The King allowed the State apartments to be used. But the St. James's Palace party made little difference to the ball at Grosvenor House as many people went on. Both were brilliant functions, and I think, as I have said, that Lady Beauchamp's ball will be considered *the* ball of the season.

A Portrait of Prince George

I often wonder why people do not follow the example of their eighteenth-century forebears and have their portraits done in pastel. It is a vehicle which

combines charm and strength and gives an impression of the sitter which cannot be obtained by oils. These remarks are inspired by a pastel portrait Mr. Cyril Roberts has just finished of Prince George, which I saw in his studio the other day. It is a remarkably fine piece of pastel work and a vivid likeness. This is the first time, I believe, Prince George has given sittings for his portrait, except for one or two official groups of the Royal Family.

Modern Manners

It is the fashion of the time to decry the manners of the young generation, to have a lance perpetually *en reste* against their rough-shod riding over the old social laws. But what I have to say does not apply to the young generation. These winged words are directed against their elders.

invitation with a yea or a nay came entirely from their elders, a goodly number of whom brought people with them who hadn't been invited at all!

All my sympathy went out to the hostess, but her plaint, as the unexpected cohorts swept up her staircase, did remind me of the lines—I expect you know them—

> There was a young man so benighted
> Who never knew when he was slighted.
> He would go to a party
> And eat just as hearty
> As though he'd been *really* invited.

It's such a nice, pleasant world, so why do people, who are fully grown up and have houses of their own in which they themselves entertain, make this sort of difficulty for other people who entertain them. When all is said and done you can refuse or accept invitations nowadays on a postcard, that being more economical than a letter or the telephone. But I doubt if either economy or carelessness has anything to do with the matter. Isn't it rather the "Oh-we'll-look-in-if-nothing-better-turns-up" spirit. No thought for the hostess who must make her supper arrangements on the number of acceptances. But hostesses have the answer in their own pens. Let people who give parties scratch out the names in their book of all those who don't answer their invitations. It would make a great many parties much less crowded and much more amusing.

Photograph] A PICTURESQUE CREW FROM ITALY [*Sport and General*

Princess Rospigliosi shaking hands with the Italian crew from Piacenza before christening their boat. The Italians, who rowed well together, were well beaten by Maidenhead in the Thames Challenge Cup heat

A friend of mine gives musical parties—with music that appeals only to people who care about good music. These parties have their own particular place. Singers and musicians consider it an honour to be engaged to appear at them. And the guests are not asked haphazard from an address book.

Recently this patroness of music gave one of her parties. She sent out two hundred invitations. She received one hundred and some odd replies. Naturally, she made her supper arrangements on the hundred basis. On the evening of the party over two hundred and fifty people surged into her drawing-room. And, as there is such a thing as cause and effect—whatever the Communists may say to the contrary—the supper petered out hopelessly long before the last of the two hundred and fifty were fed.

There weren't any young people at the party—the music was too serious for them to be asked. So the neglect to answer the

Living Too Long?

The poor Dukes! We all remember Mr. Lloyd George's tirades against them in his Limehouse and unregenerate days. Now, the Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer hints that they live too long. He dropped this hint during the debate on Pensions, but perhaps it was

Photograph]

A general view of the river showing the close fi... First Trinity II boat. Each crew led by a few l... the camer...

inspired by the thought of all the death duties that do not come his way because Dukes will insist on living so long.

Over a quarter of the wearers of strawberry leaves have passed three score and ten. The Duke of Richmond is the *doyen* with seventy-nine years, the Dukes of Beaufort and Wellington coming second and third with seventy-seven and seventy-five years. Four other Dukes have reached the age of seventy—the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Montrose, and the Duke of Grafton.

Photograph] THE LUCK OF THE GAME [*I. B.*

S. Earl, the old Oxford oarsman, who lost his heat in the Diamonds to J. Beresford, Jnr., in a sensational race. Earl, who was coming up strongly at the Mile Post, suddenly collapsed just before Phyllis Court and went overboard

THE POST [*Central News*

e race for the Thames Challenge Cup between Kingston and rn and after a great finish, Kingston (the further boat from three feet

A New Terror in Paris

WE have all sorts of societies in London to prevent us from doing what we ought not to do, some with a legal status, some without. In fact, quite a large number of people find a full and passionate occupation for every day of the week in harrying their fellow-men towards the straight and narrow path. But in Paris they have gone far beyond the wildest dreams of our "do's and don't shoulds."

A band of young men have formed themselves into a club called "Le Club des Habits Noirs," with the object of abolishing masculine fashions introduced to Paris by foreigners. Their method sounds drastic. If a man attends a theatre on a gala night not properly dressed for the occasion, or any other public place where people "dress," and he is not "dressed," he will be escorted to the door by members of the club, who will act as censors and policemen. What will happen if the improperly dressed one refuses to leave we are not told.

I can foresee some thrilling scenes in the Paris theatres if the gentlemen of the Club des Habits Noirs actually carry out their policeman part of the plan. Another little plan is to force men who dress badly to obey the sartorial laws of the club. And how do you think they propose to bring this about? By "sticking mocking placards on the houses of those whom they consider are ridiculously dressed." The lives of these young Parisian *élégants* will indeed be "full of busy."

The Perfect Diplomat

IT was a dinner entirely of diplomatic folk. One of the women guests had not caught the name of the man sitting beside her. They were talking of one of the foreign capitals.

"Did you meet So-and-So there?" she asked, mentioning the man's own name, and then, before he could answer, added, "I don't know him, but they tell me he is the richest and the ugliest man in the whole Diplomatic Service."

Of course, her neighbour did not enlighten her. But a little while afterwards a man on the other side of the table leant across and addressed him by name.

There was a horrified gasp from the lady; then she burst into tears.

Photograph] FATHER AND SON [*G. P. U.*

R. S. Muttlebury who beat H. A. Montefiore in the first heat of the Diamonds and lost to Beresford in the semi-finals, walking with his father on the tow path

Photograph *Photopress*

NOT TOO STRENUOUS

The Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen and Lady Boscawen paddling into position for a view of the Henley Races

"Never mind," said her neighbour, consolingly, "I can't be nearly so ugly as you thought I was or you would have recognized me at once."

Extinction

IT is odd how a whole family disappears, and the honours it held become extinct. Sir Robert Townsend-Farquhar, who died recently at the age of eighty-two, was the last of his line. The second Townsend-Farquhar baronet had six sons, four of whom succeeded him in the baronetcy. The fifth son was the late Earl Farquhar, whose will raised so many hopes that will never be realized. If he had lived he would have succeeded to the baronetcy, but now there is no heir and so the baronetcy becomes extinct.

TOPICAL TALES

TWO LOVE.

By OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER

It all happened because Henry Maddicks loved Eliza Sproules. Otherwise Mrs. Harding would not have won the ladies' singles in the All-World Championships at West Winchcombe, Lord Arthur Marlington would not have won the Branborough bye-election, the Government would not have won the crucial division, the Bates Agreement for the Regeneration of Europe would not have been ratified, and the future history of the world would have been changed. All of which only shows you.

Henry Maddicks was one of the governing class, a plasterer by trade. Eliza—she preferred to be addressed as Theda—was in service, and on her Sunday off she agreed to go with him for a motor-charrybang trip to Brighton and back. What she wore is immaterial, but Henry Maddicks wore grey flannel trousers, a blue blazer with the coat-of-arms of T.C.D. embroidered over the breast pocket—an amazing bargain, second-hand, in Kennington Road—a straw hat, displaying the I Zingari colours, a purple and white striped shirt, an East Surrey regimental tie, and a neat imitation gold albert in his buttonhole. He was twenty-four, and of small stature, of swarthy complexion, so that he might have passed for an Italian. All of which is important and should be remembered.

Theda paid for the charrybang tickets; Henry, who had been on the dole for two years, agreeing to stand the refreshments. The outward trip was enjoyed by all, though Henry was more than once forced to reprove Theda for encouraging the advances of another gentleman, wearing plus-fours, spats, and a purple-and-yellow striped blazer, who occupied a neighbouring seat. On the return journey, when, after several stops for refreshments, they reached a point about a mile from East Winchcombe, the two gentlemen passed from words to blows. The conductor of the charrybang having insisted that they adjourn to the roadside as gentlemen would in such a case, Plus Fours proved the handier, so that Henry was constrained to flee across country, and thus lost his place in the charrybang. Being unfamiliar with rural conditions and, it may be, a trifle unsteady on his feet, he fell into a ditch, knocked his head against a tree-stump, saw many stars, lost consciousness, and so remained for an unknown period.

When he came to himself it was to find himself supported by the chauffeur of a very smart motor-car, while an elderly lady and gentleman of benevolent aspect were bending over him sympathetically.

"I am convinced, my dear Victoria," the gentleman was saying, "that he is a foreigner."

"But, my dear Hereward, his only intelligible words, so far as I could understand them, were to the effect that he fears internal hæmorrhage."

"On the other hand, my dear, he has twice mentioned the name Theda, which is Roumanian, I fancy, or Polish. His costume, though obviously designed for tennis, is not such as would be worn by an Englishman. His face—I have it, my dear. I now distinctly recall him. He is Count Strpztytcs—I am not sure of the pronunciation—the Albanian champion, who with his wife, is competing in the Tennis Tournament to-morrow. We met him, if you remember, at Lord Laverock's. We must put him to bed and communicate with the Countess. It is, I fear, only too probable that he has been run over by one of those abominable chars-a-bancs. What was that? What did he say, Harrison?" But the chauffeur, turning a laugh into a cough, replied aloofly that he had not caught the words.

Thus it was that early next morning the Countess, who was staying for the Tournament at Lord Laverock's, received a note, forwarded by Sir Hereward Dane, begging her to hurry, in the car he sent for her, to her injured husband's bedside. As it happened she was already somewhat perturbed by the Count's non-arrival from Town overnight. Actually he had been detained by some trifling misunderstanding over an hotel bill, which need not be further referred to.

Being of the excitable Albanian temperament, she already suspected some treachery on the part of the Ban and Banina of Zchryptskeya, the Serbo-Wallach entrants, who were not only redoubtable antagonists for the championship, but hereditary enemies to boot. Arrived at Henry Maddick's bedside and discovering the mistake, she leapt to the conclusion that Sir Hereward and Lady Victoria were also in the conspiracy, and after expressing her belief in no uncertain words and refusing their offer of a car she set out to make her own way back to West Winchcombe, a matter of some ten miles. Thus it was that she arrived too late to play either in the Singles or Mixed Doubles, besides having to endure the bitter reproaches of the Count. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the unfortunate sequel, beyond to mention that neither the Count and Countess nor the Ban and Banina took any further part in the championships, and that largely because of their withdrawal the Ladies' Singles was won by Mrs. Bermudez Harding, a wealthy young widow from the Argentine. Now Mrs. Harding, having set her heart upon this victory, and having a properly Republican faith in the powers of the titled aristocracy, had promised her hand to Lord Arthur Marlington, her most persistent suitor, in the event of her success. That same evening their engagement was publicly announced.

Lord Arthur, it may be remembered, was the selected Labour candidate for Branborough, though success seemed impossible, owing to his inability to make the necessary £150 deposit before the polling. His father, the Marquess of Micklesham, though fully alive to the advantage of £400 a year and free railway tickets to the family, was unable to assist him. The news of the approaching marriage set everything right, the £150 was borrowed at moderate interest, Lord Arthur was returned at the top of the poll, owing to a split vote between two Liberal and three Conservative candidates, and took his seat just in time to vote for the ratification of the Bates Agreement, which, it will be remembered, was carried by one vote, and the future of Europe thereby decided for at least the duration of the session.

Henry Maddicks, though Theda was lost to him, retained his charrybang costume. Being, as it happened, some days later invited to a reception at the Ministry of Patronage, he wore it to general admiration, attracting the favourable comment of several Ministers' wives, so that it is not impossible that political laurels may shortly wreath his brow.

And the moral of it all is that, just as you cannot tell the quality of tinned salmon by the laudatory label, so you cannot judge a man by his clothes.

Cruelty to Sportsmen

There are many channels in which the energies of the R.S.P.C.A. might be directed other than Wembley. Lawn tennis players and cricketers may not be truthfully described as domestic animals, but there does seem to be a good deal of cruelty going on in those brutal games. Quite recently the veteran Norman Brookes had his eye badly damaged at tennis. Last week an umpire at Wimbledon had a tendon in his leg broken by a tennis ball, and on Thursday last Gilligan was laid out with a smash from a cricket ball. One of these days someone, while playing patience, will fall over a card table and badly bark his shins. Nasty rough games. What is the R.S.P.C.A. going to do about it?

Singles Champions and their Runners-Up

Photograph]
Photograph Sport & General
MISS K. McKANE

MISS HELEN WILLS [*I. B.*

Photograph *L. N. A.*
R. LACOSTE

Photograph *Topical*
J. BOROTRA

For the first time in the history of Wimbledon, two Frenchmen met in the Championship round this year when R. Lacoste, the nineteen-year old player met his compatriot, Jean Borotra. On the previous day, the American ladies' champion, Miss Helen Wills, was opposed by Miss Kitty McKane who beat her 6-4, 6-4 after losing the first set 4-6

RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

The First July

EXTREMELY pleasant were the conditions for the opening days of the First July Meeting at Newmarket, and the crowd each day seemed to me to be rather above the average size. One of the most delightful incidents of the week was the success of the King's colt, Runnymede, in the July Stakes. Things have been on the slow side with the Royal string so far this season, and everybody was glad to see Egerton House capture one of the best two-year-old races of the year. Runnymede has come on a lot since Ascot. It was strange to find him quoted at 100 to 8 last week with Golden Evening joint favourite, as there had been very little to choose between them at the finish of their race at Ascot. Runnymede gave a plucky exhibition, for he was running under extreme pressure a long way from home. Let us hope that the son of Hurry On will continue to train along in the right way. The King appeared much to enjoy his holiday at Newmarket. He turned up at the sales one evening, and watched the dispersal of the National Stud yearlings, which, by the way, did not appear to be as good a lot as usual.

The Two-Year-Olds

AS the season advances new light is thrown upon the merits of the best two-year-olds. Runnymede was not the only youngster last week to improve upon his Ascot running. The Sun Worship colt, for example, ran stones better when winning the Exeter Stakes than he had done when finishing eight lengths behind Poor Scots at the Royal meeting. I do not think I have seen a two-year-old this season that I like better than Sir John Rutherford's colt. He has all the size and power one looks for in a really high class youngster, and I am convinced that he is going to do further credit to his stable. Chang-Chia is another likely to go on improving, and I shall be on this son of Santoi when more severe courses have to be tackled in the autumn.

Salmon Trout

VERDICT does not appear to like the Suffolk course at Newmarket, and she ran no better in the Princess of Wales's Stakes last week than she had done in the same race twelve months previously. It was a little surprising to find Salmon Trout capturing this prize in such effortless style. It now appears that those who backed him each way in the Derby were a trifle unlucky not to have drawn their place money in that race. The fact that he lost about ten lengths at the start at Epsom was, apparently, overlooked by those who expected Parmenio to beat him last week. It is now clearly established that Salmon Trout is a really good stayer, and I expect people will soon be backing him for the St. Leger, where he can be relied on to give us of his best.

French Form

I WAS in Paris for the Grand Prix, and saw the fine effort which Coramond made to win it. It was a delightful surprise to find the Epsom colt right in the limelight from beginning to end. He was beaten less than half a length by the winner. The moral of the race was that the French three-year-olds are by no means a distinguished lot. Which is quite refreshing, considering we have been told that our neighbours are now breeding better horses than we are. This week I expect **Carpathus** to make amends for his failure in the Northumberland Plate by winning the West Riding Handicap at Pontefract on Thursday. At Lingfield on Saturday **Halcyon** should win the Imberhorne Handicap.

Photographs *Branger*

FASHIONS AT LONGCHAMP

Two of the dresses which were "featured" at the Grand Prix, France's Ascot

POLO NOTES

By A. W. Coaten

Disappointing

IT must be confessed that the show made by the England team in their first match was disappointing, but I am sure they can do better than this, and I hope their defeat will not lead to panic experiments at the eleventh hour. We shall not possess a dog's chance of winning the Cup unless we put a team in the field which is really efficient in combination. For one cause or another the Selection Committee delayed the choice of their team much longer than could have been desired, with the result that the match at Ranelagh on Wednesday last was the first in which the four players had been together. Both Major Kirkwood and Mr. Lacey were playing in places to which they have not been lately accustomed. Obviously it will take some time for the team to shake down into their new formation, and become a sound working combination.

The Ponies

PONIES had a good deal to do with the rather bewildering result at Ranelagh. Some of those used by the England team had never been ridden by them before, which goes some way towards explaining the comparative ineptitude of the players. Up to this point we had not heard much about the ponies which it is proposed to send to America. Presumably those responsible for the organisation of the team were satisfied that the team will be adequately mounted. If we are to take the Ranelagh match as a criterion, they may have made a miscalculation. I dare say there will be a frantic whip-round at the last moment with the object of strengthening the stud. And unless players who are fortunate enough to possess the best ponies are willing to lend them for the trip, I am afraid we shall not be so well mounted as the Americans. Still, it is of no use to be pessimistic. It is assuredly due to the players who have been selected to represent their country that they should have the strongest encouragement their comrades can give them in the matter of ponies. I recall that Lord Wimborne's team in 1914 was regarded as something of a forlorn hope. Let us hope that our new formation will turn out as brilliantly successful as they were. Meanwhile, several more practice games are to be played at the London Clubs before our ponies leave on the 26th inst.

Spare Men

I TRUST that Major Kirkwood will be luckier in the matter of mishaps than he had been so far this season. A couple of tosses at Ranelagh last week did not tend to improve his game. It becomes increasingly evident that England will need at least two good spare players to accompany the team. One hopes that Major Hurndall will be prevailed upon to go as fifth man. Everybody who follows polo knows that he was very near to being given his place in the team. The Americans fully expected him to be chosen. It is understood that Major Geoffrey Phipps Hornby will go out with a nominal view to looking after the ponies. He will make a splendid substitute forward in case of emergency, while Wing-Commander Wise's services will probably also be available if required. It is said that he is taking his good stud of ponies to the United States next month

Our Busy Royals Out and About

[Photograph] WATCHING THE 'PLANES AT PLAY [Aitken

The Royal Party at Hendon watching the Aerial Pageant. Our photograph shows: the Duke of Connaught (left), the King of Denmark, Sir Hugh Trenchard, the Duchess of York, the Queen of Denmark and the Duke of York

Photograph *L. N. A.*

AN IDYLL OF EPPING FOREST

Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught at a recent entertainment organised by that great institution, the Fresh Air Fund, at Loughton, in Epping Forest

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE KING AT LORD'S

His Majesty paid a visit to Lord's on the first day of the second test match, when the English and South African teams were presented. He is shaking hands with a popular gentleman not unknown in photographic circles

Photograph *L. N. A.*

A SOUTHAMPTON SCENE

The Prince of Wales placing a wreath on the Southampton Cenotaph on the occasion of his recent visit to the famous seaport to open the new floating dock

POPULAR PERSONALITIES. By "Paul Pry"

A. E. R. GILLIGAN

THERE are some players who, though head and shoulders above the ruck of mankind at their particular game, are nevertheless bored with it, and would much rather be playing some other. Kenneth McLeod, the famous wing three-quarter, was a case in point, and there have been many others.

Generally speaking, if you study star performers closely in the games arena, you find that for some queer reason, which I imagine to be the contempt bred of familiarity more than anything else, they play their shots or get their runs, or score their tries with a marked absence of *élan* or enthusiasm; the thing just happens. There are others, a few only, who having climbed to fame up the games ladder continue to flourish at the top with all the boyish delight in the particular game, and all the high spirits they had when at the bottom of it.

Of such is Arthur Gilligan, captain of English cricket at the age of twenty-nine.

It makes one's own age the more depressingly pronounced to be near him in the Pavilion on a wet day. He has a quaint habit of carrying a little solid rubber ball in his blazer pocket, which he bounces and catches all over the place. Moreover, you may get roped in to play a Gilligan species of French cricket in one of the dressing-rooms, and as he and his Sussex men play it, it is by no manner of means a middle-aged man's game. Arthur has a *joie de vivre* that is really infectious. Nothing ever upsets him. If he comes out for a "blob," which is not often, it is with a cheery smile and a joke at his own expense. When Sussex are fighting for runs against the clock and all the best bats have come back, it will not be a worried skipper you will see exhorting "the tail" in the dressing-rooms, but a confirmed optimist. He is the sort of team captain who sends in a wobbly bat, who is, perhaps, in the side for his wicket-keeping only, so bucked with himself that he may quite possibly knock up a few, contrary to precedent.

The fact that the Sussex team this year are the most popular side in the country to watch is almost entirely due to his influence and personality. Every player is known by his Christian name. A small thing, you will say, but it makes a lot of difference to some men. That is Arthur's doing. There is no swank of any kind whatsoever tolerated in any team he skippers. Having less than none himself, he abhors it in others. The fact that Sussex is also the finest fielding side in the country at the present time is because he has taught them that whereas a batsman may have to be born, good fielding is an acquired art and can be learned by anyone, provided the keenness and continued alertness are there.

I imagine nobody would dispute that Arthur Gilligan is the finest mid-off in the world. When the Sussex side is fielding it is difficult to watch any one particular man, because they are all doing something. But if you watch mid-off and nothing else for a time you will see a man "on his toes," stretched to the limit of anticipation, although possibly one wearisome "maiden" may follow another. Someone said at Lord's on Whit-Monday that even if there had been no good batting or bowling to see, to watch Sussex field was full value for your shilling. Gilligan's catch that dismissed

A. E. R. GILLIGAN By HYNES

F. T. Mann will long be remembered, there and elsewhere.

He is probably the youngest skipper England has ever had. It is a rare honour to be chosen for this position at the same time you are making your debut in Test Match cricket in this country. But he has crowded a great amount of experience into his five seasons of first-class cricket in England and his season in South Africa with the last M.C.C. team. The South Africans took him to their heart at once, and when they heard he was probably destined to lead the English side they expressed themselves in no uncertain voice about it, a member of the present team over here adding that he was the whitest man they had ever met.

He had a very strenuous and prolonged training at Dulwich, of course, following N. A. Knox of Surrey and England fame, as an exponent of fast bowling, upon which this old school rather prided itself before the War. In 1914 he headed the school batting averages, making over 500 runs, as well as the bowling; he took 78 wickets for less than 9 runs apiece. He is one of those deadly men who going in last can make a century in a first-class match. He actually did this while up at Cambridge.

Funnily enough, he got his Blue at Cambridge because in 1919, when cricket was resumed, there was a lack of bowlers—that seems odd now, especially after his galvanic performance in the first Test Match. But his bowling recorded for Cambridge came out rather badly, thirty-two wickets at a cost of a little under 27 runs apiece. However, in the 'Varsity match he gave some hint of the fame that was to come to him, for on the third morning he disposed of Oxford's second innings by bowling 9 overs and 3 balls for 16 runs and 5 wickets! Fast bowling of such quality had not been seen in the University match for many a long day.

It was in 1922 that he really came into his own. In that year he took 116 wickets for Sussex in county matches for an average of 17.25 runs. When picked for the Gentlemen against Players at Lord's he helped on the first day to make the fielding of the Gentlemen more brilliant than it had been for years. Given a place in the M.C.C. team for South Africa, he rose to the occasion as a batsman when a great effort was needed, helping Russell in the stand that practically gave the Englishmen the last Test Match, and with it the Rubber.

He is also a first-rate golfer. He is in business with his father in the City, presumably only in the winter months, seeing that Sussex and England have dire need of him in the summer!

"WHY do you call your slow bowler 'Lilies'?" asked the inquisitive one. "Because he toils not, neither does he *spin*."

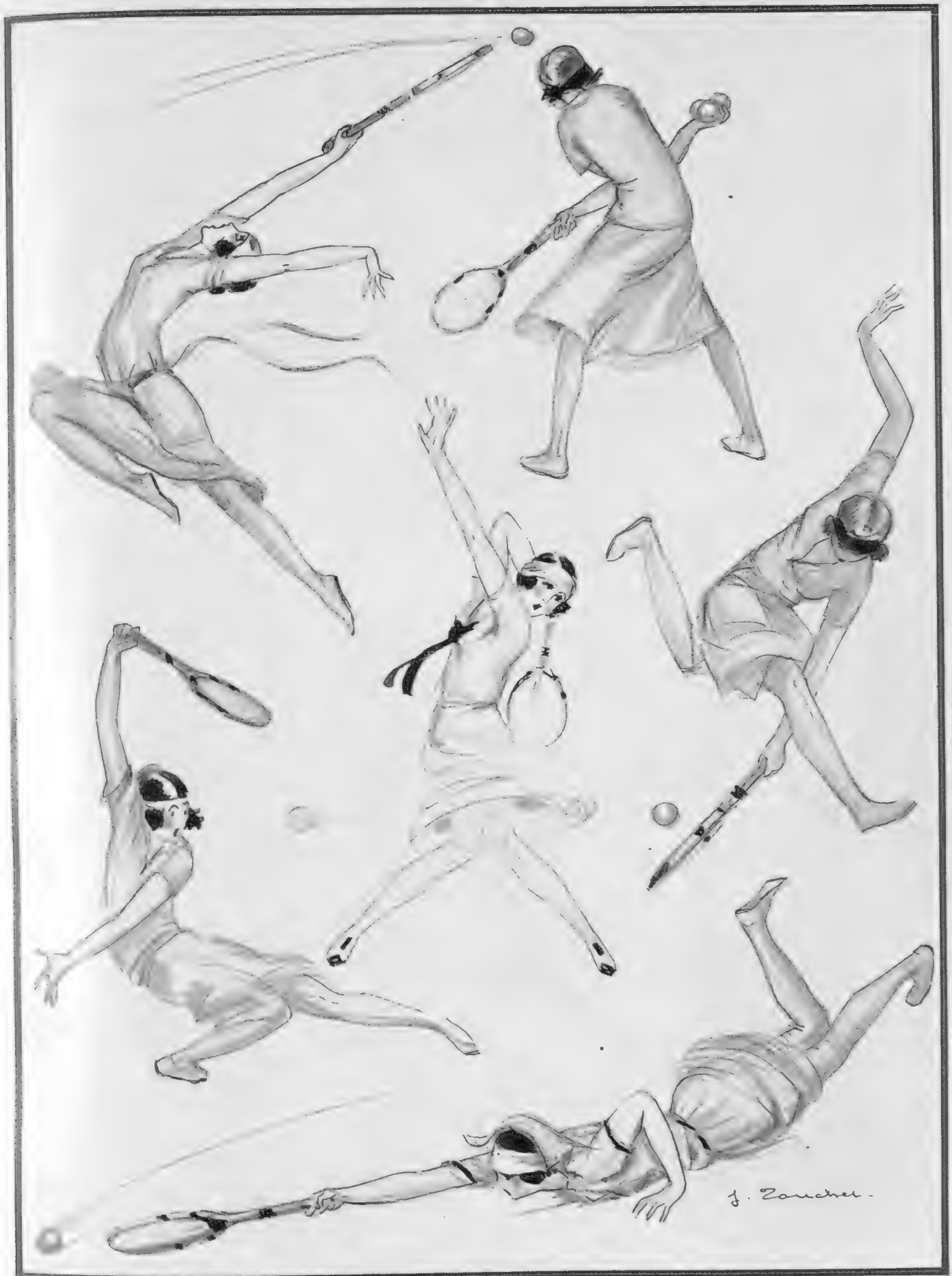
. . . . .

A MEXICAN dancer recently pirouetted one hundred and fifty times a minute on one foot. Mexico seems to be upholding her reputation for revolutions.

. . . . .

THE gentleman who confidingly bought a gold brick in the Strand for a quid has not yet received his *quid pro quo*.

Hits and Misses



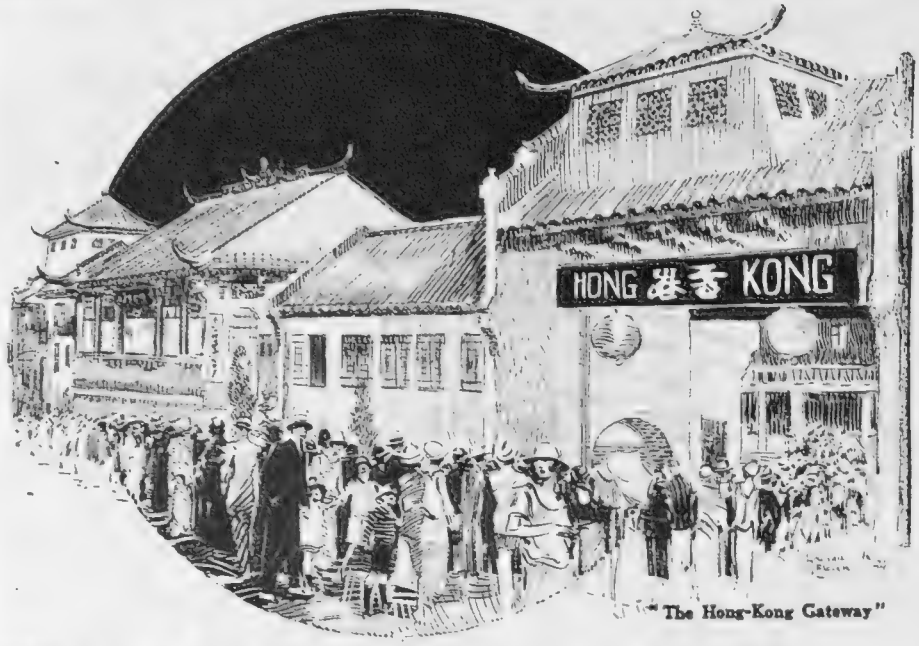
BY J. TOUCHET

Our artist's impressions of the great strides made by the feminine world at Wimbledon

INKLINGS OF EMPIRE

Lanterns and Flowers

Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK



"The Hong-Kong Gateway"

THE Hong-Kong Pavilion at Wembley has the delightfully Chinese characteristic of not being a pavilion at all. As we all know, the essential quality of anything Chinese is that it is generally something else. (Think this out.) Thus, our pavilion is a street, an avenue, an arcade, a court—what you will, but it is hardly a pavilion. It has two glorious gateways—perhaps one is Hong and the other Kong—broad, green-roofed, and horned as if with elephant tusks, ancient portals typifying those countless cities of old China, far, remote and infinitely mysterious.

As good citizens we owe (and feel) a deep loyalty to the whole of our Empire, but, as Londoners, living in an atmosphere begloomed with bowler hats, sodden skies, wet umbrellas, Albert Memorials, Hearne's batting all day at Lords, and pessimistic deans prophesying the end of all things, we feel our hearts go out to those places which offer us a touch of warmth and colour. That is why, when we go to Wembley, we linger longer (as the hymn says) in sunny vicinity of Burma, Ceylon or Hong-Kong; especially Hong-Kong, which bursts upon us in a blaze of colour. Lanterns and flowers—flowers and lanterns.

A street in drab old London
Is nothing but a street—
A place where passing people curse
The rain, the Government . . . and worse,
Whenever they may meet.
Our street is drear and dark and long . . .
How different from far Hong-Kong!

For there a street is something
That captivates the eye;
Where ev'ry shop, the whole year round,
Dispenses sunshine by the pound—
A thing *we* cannot buy.
Each tradesman's sign's a comic song
To make you laugh—in far Hong-Kong.

Here sage and silky dragons
May screen their fiery heads,
And gaudy lanterns float above,
Gay with the rich, warm tints we love—
Bright blues and flaming reds.
The colour-scheme is never wrong,
By painted ways in far Hong-Kong.

Ivory, jade and sandalwood—
Cabinet, vase and screen,
Speak of an isle forever gay,
Banishing everything that's grey
And worshipping gold and green . . .
And that is (chiefly) why I long
To float away to far Hong-Kong.

A wide, open courtyard, and on the right a busy, bustling street of little shops, with broad arcaded pathway in front, covered to give welcome shade from the glaring sun. We have often wondered what China really is, our ideas vaguely rambling from Confucius on the one hand to chop-suey on the other; but here is the real China, hurrying, chattering, bright and gaudy, affable but unknowable, full of bustling movement and yet, in the main, unchanging. The very shop-signs are a delight—narrow, long, and vertically hung, they offer a seductive invitation to purchase in sprawling Chinese characters.

"A seductive invitation to purchase in sprawling Chinese characters"

Row upon row, shelf upon shelf of fascinating objects—amazing bunches of artificial flowers, inviting bamboo chairs (a loungers' heaven), ebony cabinets glossily gleaming, images, grinning masks, cunningly beaded lampshades, silken screens and magic carpets on which you dare not tread, lest they should instantly swoop upwards and whisk you away, flying over the towers of the Stadium.

And vases in their thousands—rich in colours and pictorial legend. Round vases, square vases, tall, slender vases and portly, paunchy vases, pompous and comically dignified.

"The Chinese junk recalls glorious books of adventure"

The Chinese junk—a magical word, recalling those glorious books of adventure we used to read lying on the library hearth-rug on a winter's afternoon. Pirates! The black flag! Blood and cutlasses and treasure and high courage among the buccaneers of the China Seas! All these things come mistily back as we gaze on the neat models of the squat, wooden-hulled junk, square-rigged, and high-sterned.

And the Chinese Restaurant! Chopsticks forever! After watching the Chinese method of negotiating eatables, the artist-man swore, there and then, to discard the knife and fork (clumsy anachronisms!) forever, and to eat henceforth with a couple of paint-brushes wrong way up. (They would have to be wrong way, of course, otherwise he might ingurgitate a mouthful of Chinese white, not in the menu). The Chinese have forgotten more about food than we have ever learnt. Delicacies? Listen:

It fills my high-strung soul with grief
To see the English eat roast beef;
No cultured palate ever begs
For steaming plates of ham and eggs.
To swallow birds' eggs were a sin—
Give me the nest she lays 'em in!
For winkles I care not a pin
While I may have a nice shark's fin,
And those who're dainty in their food 'll
Just revel in a well-cooked noodle!

Ah, well! Perhaps there's something in porridge and marmalade, after all.

A. A. THOMSON

Bearding the Lion

BY H. M. BATEMAN

"Really, Mr. Doodle, I must say that your personal appearance does the office no credit. Why! you haven't shaved!"
"Oh yes, sir—once!"

In the Limelight

Photograph *Mabel Robey*

MISS HELEN GILLILAND

Who is appearing in that entertaining musical show "Stop Flirting," or, as it now appears to be, "Non-Stop Flirting," at the Strand Theatre

Produced on June 6, 1924 at St. Martin's

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS is quite a fascinating play of crime and mystery, and if in the strenuous task of trying to lead the spectator away on a false scent every few minutes, the plot should wobble a bit, all the errors and omissions may be readily excused on account of the ingenious and exciting finish. The story begins with what seems at first to be quite a commonplace love affair, but the mild outbreak in question will be seen in due course to contain the germ of a tremendous climax. We begin, therefore, with the young people concerned, Lorna and James. James is a Pressman, and we all know that people of that sort are more than usually bright. (For further details apply to the Editor.) James begins by doubting whether his worldly prospects will justify a proposal; but Lorna is no advocate of the Wait-and-See policy; and, with a little gentle encouragement from her, James takes her in his arms and gives her a kiss that is so long and lovely that I had to close my eyes out of sheer jealousy.

LORNA'S guardian is Philip Vantine, an elderly and amiable American millionaire. James is apprehensive that if he approaches the old man and asks for Lorna's hand he will be dismissed with contumeliousness, and other long words. Consequently both the young people are distinctly pleased when the old man butts in with the remark that he has seen the trouble coming on for a long time, and they can take his consent and blessing as read. This disposes of the love interest nicely and quickly, because the play is all about something else; and we are thus able at once to turn to the real business of the meeting. Mr. Vantine is an enthusiastic collector of antiques. He has just bought from Paris a famous buhl cabinet, and he has had it taken into "the next room." He is told that a French gentleman is waiting in that room to see him; but he is so absorbed with the idea of his cabinet that he protests he has no time for visitors. He wants to talk with James about his hobby. Having, however, received several reminders that his caller is still waiting, Mr. Vantine reluctantly goes into "the next room" to find out what the fellow wants. He is shocked to find his visitor lying dead on the hearthrug. It looked as if the chap had done it on purpose out of spite for being kept waiting so long. He reminded me of the man who was subject to attacks of epilepsy, and who when he felt an attack impending would ring at a strange door and ask if he might be allowed to come inside for a moment or two, and have a fit on the doormat.

THE first problem is: who could have killed the stranger? Parks, the intensely respectable butler, is obviously innocent; but we can't help feeling that Rogers, the footman, has had something to do with the crime. They found in the watchcase of the dead man a woman's photograph. Rogers looks at the face and starts violently, and that shows he is guilty right enough. Nobody knows the stranger's name; but it looks as if Rogers had slipped into the room by another door and done his victim in, and got back to the hall again before his absence had been noticed. The stranger has some scratches on his hand, which indicate that poison was swiftly injected, and that he died before he could remember the French for Jack Robinson. Then attention is dramatically turned from the stranger to another object. Mr. Vantine starts for the drawing-room again to look at his cabinet, when a young lady named Julia darts unannounced into the room, and begs that he will see her for a moment about a very important matter. A few moments later Julia steals furtively away, and shortly afterwards Mr. Vantine comes tottering out of "the next room," calling faintly for James and Lorna before he hands in his checks. There are marks on his hands to show that he has been murdered just as the French gentleman was; but this time we have no doubt about the criminal. It is obvious to everybody that it is Julia who is the expert killer with, apparently, a nasty little habit of going about and killing people with a poisoned toasting fork. When she is given into custody Julia is quite positive that she is entirely innocent of the crime in question. But, then, they all say that.

THE American police—for this play takes place in New York—are expecting the arrival of a famous

detective from Scotland Yard, "Colonel" Pigott—of the Horse Marines, no doubt—who wants to investigate the cabinet personally, as he associates it with a famous French criminal he has been tracking for many moons. Meanwhile the sensations multiply. Lorna and James, for instance, are alone in the drawing-room. But although they are now definitely engaged, and are seated side by side on the sofa in traditional juxtaposition, their interest is solely devoted to the crime that has sent the death rate of the house up so far beyond normal. Presently Lorna draws James more closely to her side, not to whisper honeyed words into his ear, but to invite his attention to two important and quite urgent details. Firstly, the wire of the burglar-alarm has been cut, thus putting it out of action; and, secondly, through one of the diamond-shaped holes in the shutters, a strange man is closely watching them. James, who is above all a man of action, at once goes and fetches his revolver; and then he pretends to bid Lorna a tender good-night. As soon as she is out of the way, he switches off the light and hides in a corner with his revolver ready to go off on the least provocation. In due course we see the shutters of the window being stealthily opened, and a man creeps into the room. Instantly it is a case of "hands up," and lights up, as well, and James gives a little yawp of triumph to signify that he has got the real offender at last. Waggling his revolver about ominously, he enquires what the intruder means by coming into the house by such an irregular route. The visitor blandly explains that he is the great "Colonel" Pigott who is in charge of the case, and that it is his method of trying to reconstruct the crime from the criminal's point of view. James at once puts his "gun" away with a profound apology, and it seems that we are farther off than ever from a solution of the mystery.

THEN "Colonel" Pigott takes the young people into his confidence. He locks the doors of the room, and tells them all about the famous French criminal he is trying to track down. He explains to them in detail the working of the secret drawers of the cabinet, and shows just how the two deaths that have occurred in the house took place. Now, what this famous French criminal is after is a case of jewels that the "Colonel" believes to be hidden in one of the secret drawers. After one or two attempts he finds the drawer in question, and sure enough there are the lovely jewels. Events move swiftly after that till we come to the ingenious and exciting finish previously referred to. I think it would be a pity if I should give the game away entirely, as the element of surprise naturally counts for much in these sensational dramas.

THE BUTLER FORGETS HIMSELF

SOMEWHAT PARDONABLE CONSIDERING THAT TWO PEOPLE HAD BEEN MYSTERIOUSLY KILLED IN THE SAME ROOM THAT AFTERNOON

ONE of the outstanding features of the acting is the success of Mr. Clifford Heatherley, as the butler, Parks. It is true that he overacts the part occasionally; but as he is so obviously encouraged to do so by the audience, he can hardly be blamed for gathering roses while he may. As the play is of American origin, a prominent feature of one of the scenes is naturally enough a tray containing whisky and soda. Parks, the butler, is so absorbed in detailing his own solution of the crime to James, that he absent-mindedly helps himself to a good long drink, and when he has finished his story he looks with amazement into the empty glass he is holding in his hand as if he is truly shocked to find that he could have committed such an enormity. This little scene is most ably acted, and made us all laugh a good deal. The burden of the play is borne by Miss Nora Swinburne as Lorna and Mr. Francis Lister as James; but the acting throughout is on a very high level, and the excitement is kept up right to the very last. JINGLE

At the Sign of "The White Coffin"

BY BLAM

Ivor Novello as the Parisian pickpocket, Pierre Boncheron, "known to the police" as "The Rat," at the Prince of Wales Theatre, and Isabel Jeans as the Society beauty who falls for his fatal charms, enjoying a tête-à-tête in that somewhat dubious Parisian Night-Light, "The White Coffin"

THE CHAP WHO WENT TO

ORD'S IMPROPERLY DRESSED

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

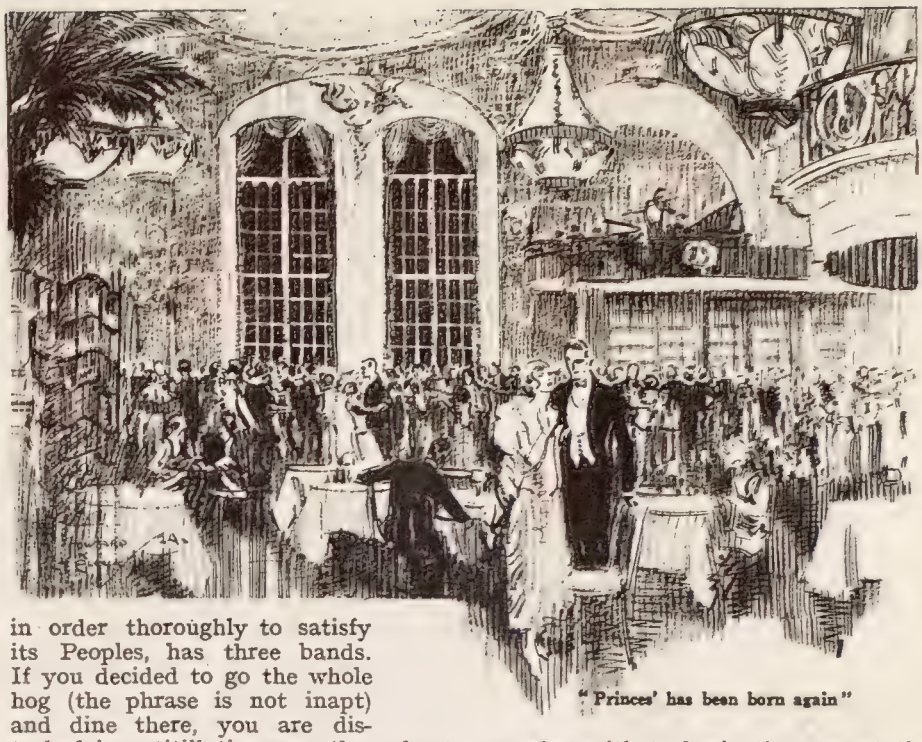
THE SKIRTS OF HAPPY HAWAII

The atmosphere of the South Seas, complete with the suggestion of waving palms, coral strands and other Blue Lagoon-ish features, transplanted to the West End in the Cabaret at Princes'

THE CULT OF THE CABARET

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

I.—"Princes' and Peoples"



"Princes' has been born again"

IN Paris you expect *la grande manière* in anything they undertake in the way of a musical show, especially an unorthodox show performed upon a ballroom floor with room to live, move and have the other people gasping for breath. But you need not necessarily make that an excuse for going to Paris. You can see a very good sample of it in Piccadilly to-night.

I suppose there is hardly a male or female Bystander in Britain who dances, has always danced and intends to go on dancing so long after the cows come home, who has not at some time or other done it at Princes'. I can remember once—but that would not interest you. Princes' is associated in many people's minds with that private dance given by Estelle's people at her "coming out"; with the dance given by dear old What's-his-name when he made that unholy haul in the rubber boom; with a dozen and one occasions when we waltzed strenuously and cooled down going home in the clip-clopping hansom. Hardly a person sitting there nightly now I should think who has not a vivid recollection of some sort about the place. Princes' is a landmark to Piccadilly people, just as the fountain is in the Circus, which they propose barbarously to move, thereby depriving the Oxford Undergraduate of his illegitimate annual enjoyment.

But what a metamorphosis has enveloped it now!

Men just home from the outskirts of Empire and passing by the old familiar building on the top of a bus, see a hint of it through the windows and say, "Hullo! what's happened in there?"

They may well ask. Princes' has been born again. Not that it ever died actually. But in the stress of competition among dance clubs for the very latest attractions, Princes' stood conservatively still and did nothing to appease the popular clamour—which is as good as death, these days. Then certain American gentlemen with shrewd eyes, albeit with an eye also for the artistic effect, got busy and a queer but complete transformation took shape.

The only things that remind you at all vividly of the Princes' of other days are the ornate ceilings. And you don't glance up at these overmuch because your eyes are engaged lower down. It has been a touch by a sure hand here and there that has transformed the place as to its decorative effects; and a skilled producer of the right cabaret show in the right environment who has done the rest.

The dynamics of a dance club-*cum*-cabaret is its band. As I said in a previous issue, few of us are really competent to judge of the fine distinctions between first-class jazz bands. Sufficient unto us is that they pulse and throb with just that momentum which claws us to our feet from dinner or supper table. The New Princes', in order thoroughly to satisfy its Peoples, has three bands. If you decided to go the whole hog (the phrase is not inapt) and dine there, you are disturbed in a titillating way throughout dinner by a real Balalaika orchestra which tinkles in a subdued but ominous manner at you, so that your eyes, and hers, begin wandering covetously towards the sleek black floor at about the fish stage. There is something so Slavonic and reckless about Balalaika music that you begin to tell her things that ordinary caution would bid you withhold, under the "safety first" principle, at other times and places. Subsequently, when the fiends in the little round caps have done their fell duty, they are replaced by two more sets of musicians aloft in separate galleries to port and starboard of the stage. A band playing ragtime on high (as Ambrose soon discovered) has a complete, though unnoticed, survey of the feelings and vagaries of the Peoples beneath, and can act accordingly. They are more than ever masters of your several situations and immediate aspirations—and thus the too short night hurries on.

Observe with me for a moment the effect on your man home from the outskirts of Empire when Percy Athos prepares to present his Frivolities and his Beauties. The Man Who Went Home is sitting, resplendently replete, on the edge of an ebony black floor. Above hang the six senses of the huge orange and blue pear-shaped lamps. Everywhere round and about is glass and glitter, and the sort of life he has dreamed about in the intervals from cursing mosquitos. Across one end of the big ballroom hangs a powder-blue curtain, edged with a *café au lait* arc of structure. It hides—what? Then some unseen person does something clever with the lighting arrangements and the powder-blue curtain turns into a lovely apple-green, and the Athos avalanche of nymphs advances upon him, in wisps of clothing, across a waste of shining floor. They come so mockingly close and as soon again are so terribly far away. For the next hour he holds a little wooden hammer in his hand, thoughtfully provided by the Management, with which to beat ecstatic applause of each swiftly disappearing item on the programme, or wherewith to brain the man at the next table for having received an undue share of smiles. One wonders when watching the Athos girls, agape, what dear old Porthos would have said, and as for Aramis—no words of Dumas could have dealt adequately with his susceptibilities!

There is a purple back drop behind the apple-green (why must they choose such provocative colours?) through which these nymphs of Grecian waterways glide away from you. But other forms of talent succeed them in swift succession. There is a *Danse Risquée*, by M. Wolkowsky and Mlle. Nadia, wherein the only risk, as far as I could see, was to Mlle. Nadia in being dropped upon a hard floor from the high flung arms of her dancing partner—but perhaps that is what the programme means. In any case the blending of colours in this number is one of the prettiest things in London.

There are certain bigoted people who affirm that we Britishers have not got the Cabaret sense, the *élan* of the French. How that opinion can stand after having seen Henry De Bray and Doris Hare is beyond me. De Bray's dance, called "Bright Though Tight"—the title is tersely comprehensive—and the pair of them in an Apache scene called cryptically "Jewels" through which a most alluring melody thrums, shows clearly enough how futile such a statement is. Both are gems of cabaret artistry.

But when the Russians arrive, the Seraia Mish Company, and carry you through seven lightning scenes of staccato song, movement and glorious colourings, the wooden hammers beat on the plates with the noise of a sheet metal factory, and all is very well with the world—and particularly so with The Man Who Went Home, who has "never seen anything like it, by gad!"

And when the Frivolities have finished and the ordinary ballroom lighting reasserts itself, the Toronto Orchestra takes charge, the dead black floor is covered instantly and continually, and Princes' has come into its own once more.

Motley Musings

"STRANGE COINCIDENCE AT WEMBLEY" was a recent headline in a contemporary. We can beat it, whatever it was. We know two men from the same town, who on the same day managed to get tea there.

. . . . .

THE actors and actresses, who made the Theatrical Garden Party such a success, certainly didn't spare their voices. At a revue the same evening we thought we were at a Hoarse Show.

. . . . .

A LADIES' journal states that the Prince of Wales has a most becoming blush. What wouldn't *we* give at times to have a Royal Flush?

. . . . .

MANAGERS are puzzled to account for the slump in their business. We have our own theory:

The worries, sirs, that trouble you,
Come from the letter, "W,"
That's worse than all the others put together;
The indubitable reason
Of the slackness of the season
Is due to Wembley, Wireless, and the Weather.

. . . . .

A NEW hostel has been opened in the Midlands for the convenience of amateur gardeners. We wonder what the herbaceous boarders will be like!

. . . . .

THE eye-shade for tennis is as much *de rigueur* as the bandeau. We are daily expecting to hear that lady golfers have adopted Dolly Varden hats.

. . . . .

A PROMINENT newspaper declares that the Clydeside contingent are merely petty cranks. But a few little cranks have often been responsible for a lot of big revolutions!

TO A KILL-JOY

1

In phrases sonorous and glowing,
You picture my ultimate end;
To the bow-wows you tell me I'm going,
Because a night-club I attend.
You warn me I live in a bad age,
Where vices attract and allure;
Whereupon I recall the old adage,
To the Puritan all is impure!

2

You bravely endeavour to shame me
By talking of Biblical goats:
If I dine with a lady, you blame me
For sowing my wild TABLE D'HÔTES!
If I bet half a crown, you get restive;
And if in a playhouse I sit,
My well-covered stall is suggestive
To you of a place in the Pit!

3

But though you are very acute, you're
Predestined to failure at last:
I think of my wonderful future;
You dwell on my horrible past!
And though I am sure you would leaven
My mind with your doctrines sublime,
When YOU'RE *singing hymns up in Heaven,*
I'll be having the h—ll of a time!

. . . . .

PAMELA wants to celebrate her birthday by having her Dolly's Revels in the nursery.

A MR. PARODIE writes to say that his name cannot be traced to anyone else in England. We wonder he didn't mention Milton and Parodies Lost.

. . . . .

IT is difficult to think that Tennyson had show-girls in his mind when he wrote:

"Oh, you chorus of indolent revuers!"

. . . . .

THE seafaring population of Liverpool is said to be immensely proud of the new cathedral. We trust they are as proud of their bishop, the Old Man of the See.

. . . . .

"To reduce corpulence, the medicine must be taken in large doses," says an advertisement. As usual, a large reduction on taking a quantity.

. . . . .

WHICH reminds us of the remark addressed by a fat husband to his wife: "What do you think would happen," he stormed, "if I were to die?"

"Why, then," she replied, sweetly, "the fat *would* be in the fire!"

. . . . .

TOSSING for collar studs has lately become the vogue. If there is any considerable extension of this idea, the Bishop of London and his Morality League will have to get busy.

. . . . .

There was an old fellow called Oliver,
Who had an acute alcohol liver;
In a moment of gloom,
He retired to his room,
And shot himself with his revoliver!

HARTLEY CARRICK

"MAKING HAY . . ." By TOM COTTRELL

ENGLISHMAN: "I believe she's a 'grass widow'"
YANKEE: "Well, believe me, bo', I sure am *some* lawn-mower"

"It's an Ill Wind—"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A curious example of good and bad luck observed at a South Coast watering-place

PARISIANA. By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

"A revelation of confections en soie"

MES AMIS,

I HAVE often wondered if the boldness of the manufacturers of "undies," as exemplified in the advertisement pages of the magazines, would continue to be limited to pictorial demonstration, or whether they would become discontented therewith and seek to air their wares (or should it be "wears"?) in substance and in fact. My doubts are now at rest. I mean my doubts about the intentions of the manufacturers. I have new doubts, created by the audacity of the latest venture, but about those one can wait and see—especially see. On behalf of the manufacturers, I suppose, it may be said that their intentions are strictly artistic. *Après tout*, a thing of beauty is a joy, and I imagine they say to themselves that he who gives joy to the multitude is a public benefactor.

OBVIOUSLY, the first convert that they had to make to this theory was the designer of the appropriate frock. No flight could be attempted on the new route until the necessary visibility had been arranged. Well, frock designers are helpful associates, particularly when there is a prospect of additional sales, and the window-frocks were duly forthcoming. In some cases the desired effect was secured by slashed sides, something like the old *Directoire* style, and in others by transparency. But in both instances the result was to emphasise a revelation of confections *en soie* which it had hitherto been the habit to conceal.

TO be strictly *à la mode* these confections must harmonise in colour with the accompanying *robe*. Subsequently, perhaps, there will be experiments in contrast, but as a commencement even a display which maintains harmony is sufficiently daring. It proved too much for a number of ladies from over the seas who took the risk. Having been fascinated by the dainty disclosures of the transparent frock in the shaded and semi-obscure *salons* of the Rue de la Paix, they had eagerly ordered supplies, but when they came under the glare of the sunlight at the Longchamp racecourse they were scared by the consequences and took cover—under their coats. I doubt if the fashion will travel far, despite the fact that the "undy" artists have surpassed themselves in their effort to secure a place in the sun. Over these window-frocks, I imagine, the blinds will soon have to be drawn.

En attendant, while there is this endeavour at skimping in frocks, there is a trend in the opposite direction in regard to bathing costumes. This does not apply, of course, to those ultra-modern *demoiselles* who employ the costume for its proper purpose as the appropriate garment in which to swim, but to those who go down to the sea and skip, or recline, about the sands from the early hour of ten-thirty till *apéritif* time of one o'clock. A garment worn for this prolonged period, they urge, would be brightened by the addition of ornamented sleeves and southerly extensions, with embroidery. Thus there is every prospect that we shall witness these innovations at Deauville.

CERTAINLY they will be more suitable there than they would be at many other *plages*. At Deauville the sea is a background the existence of which it has hitherto not been good form to recognize. It appears that somebody recently drew the attention of the authorities to the advisability of removing the boycott on the willing waters. Now Roman bathing "cabins" of typical Deauville luxury are available, magnificently furnished with everything that can be needed during a stay of a whole day. The embroidered bathing costumes should go well with these cabins. It is probably as near as they will get to the sea. RENÉ

"The embroidered bathing costumes"

Our Dumb Friends' League

I've often wondered when a play would be written round that romantic spot, The Orangery, in Kensington Gardens. At last we are to have one. On Thursday evening (July 10), at 8.45, *In Queen Anne's Orangery*, a play by "Molly May," is to be presented at King George's Hall, Caroline Street, Great Russell Street, in aid of Our Dumb Friends' League. The play is to be preceded by a one-act phantasy, *I histledown*, by Mr. Bruce Woodhouse.

How It's Done

BY HYNES

Some lightning impressions of Cortez and Peggy, the new Exhibition Dancers at the Midnight Follies in some simple steps which we can all try in the drawing-room after dinner. After all, there's no harm in *trying*—except, perhaps, to the furniture

THE SOCIALIST PARTY

Photograph *Central News*

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE

Photograph *G. P. U.*

PRINCESS LOUISE, PRINCESS PATRICIA, AND MISS ISHBEL MACDONALD

Photograph *I. P.*

LORD AND LADY CHELMSFORD

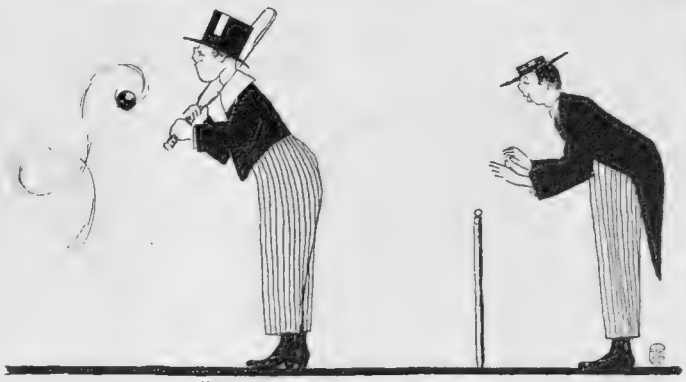
Some of the Labour Government's visitors at the recent Garden Party held in the grounds of Hampton Court Palace. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's entertainment was, perhaps, a trifle more simple than those held in these historic grounds in times gone by—but then Cardinal Wolsey never had to throw as many as three thousand people to the Lyons

Photograph *Central News*

"ACES" EASY—WE HOPE!

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his three daughters, Joan, Ishbel and Sheila, at Chequers with their guests, the five French flying "Aces," who visited this country for the Air Force Pageant in which they took a distinguished part. Five aces is no mean hand to hold at a week-end party—even for a Prime Minister!

YOGO HAMA AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SPIRIT



"Clad in their respective garments"

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

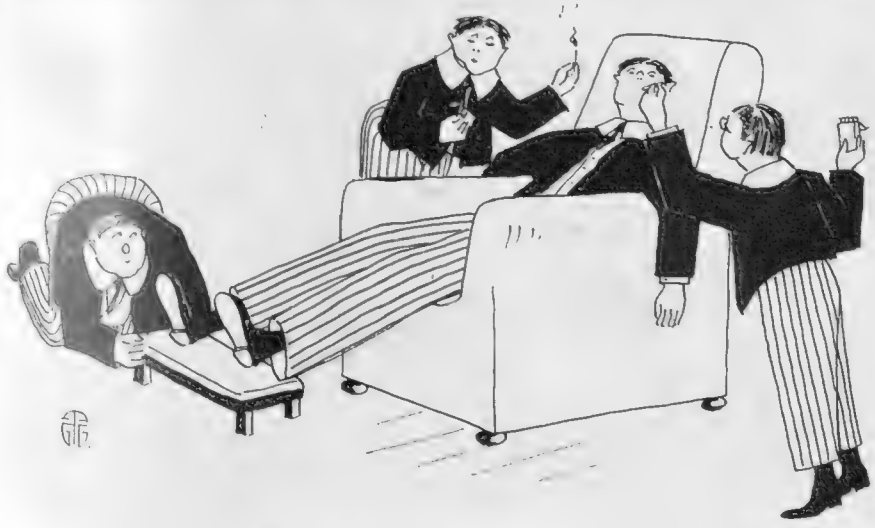
THIS are week of very great juvenile festives when tender infantines from Eton, Harrow and other scholastic academies shall meet to play versus each other at cricket to see who shall secure the best commendations from their Hon. masters and other adored professors. How delightful shall it not be to witness these so youthish scholastics deserting with diligent reluctance their learned studies in Latin, Geometrics and other buried tongues, in order to achieve prowess and suchly gymnastic virtues with their bats and balls? Yes indeedly, though it shall strike us somewhat saddishly to observe the pallid faces of these tender juvenines who have emerged from their cells and other academic retreats after studious incarceration in same.

For 100's of years there has been very deadly feudings between Eton and Harrow for which are the most learned and pious of these 2 renowned academies. The students of same do not any longer seek to beslay their Hon. opponents with knives and clubs as in very former years, but now constrain to inflict defeatments by stumpings, L.B.W.'s and other ultimate humiliations of non-bloodthirsting character. Nonethelessly, Harrow persons still preserve an envious green because the Battle for Waterloo was held on the play-fields of Eton which routed Hon. Sir Napoleon and sent him to St. Helens for an exile. Eton has also grown very noted for its neck-collars and jackets which have become very world-wide since their invention by Hon. Eton professors. Harrow cannot boast to produce so famous garments, but only to have invent a very patent straw cap of considerable magnitudes and circumference which only qualified persons must wear.

How uniqueish it shall be to observe these learned infantines march into the field to embattle for runs, overs and other athletic trophies. Clad in their respective garments, they will seek to inflict stumpings, no-balls, wides and other gymnastic penalties upon each other with rapid velocity, thusly acquiring the approbation of their Hon. professors and parentals, masc and femn, whom it is their devoted ambition to be humbly worthy. But so studious are these Anglo juvenines, that all British academies have passed laws to make gymnasticals and other sportings a compulsion, otherwisely these so learned young would remain for ever in their education cells perusing studiously the erudite volumes of the great philosophers and Anglo sages to acquire wisdoms and other virtuous knowledges. Hencely these youthish *literati* who cannot tear away from their beloved books and tomes, are severeishly slapped with a swish by a specially prepared official for this honourable and esteemed purpose. He stands upon the field and looks to see that the scholars perform adequately their bowls, overs and innings, prepared to admonish non-competants and those who would seek to stealthily return and pursue their philosophic studies.

"Prepared to admonish non-competants"

These tender yeared students enjoy very hard and strenuous lives, especially when non-mature. At their earliest ages they are called "fags" and must seek to impropitiate their elders by performing obsequious tasks and other lowly functions. Aforesaidly elders, because of their so great learning and knowledge of the profound philosophies, are called "monitors." They seek to encourage the fags to also acquire virtuous wisdoms by their pious examples and devotions to the Hon. works of extinct and learned masters. Should they fail to imbibe them with this delicious hunger for studious achievements, the Hon. professors are inform and the so perverse infantines are conducted in ignominy before them. Saidly Hon. professors, after depicting the so wickedness of this lack to acquire wisdom, feel they must painfully compel themselves to administer swishes, which they make to do with many bitterish weeps for these depraved and

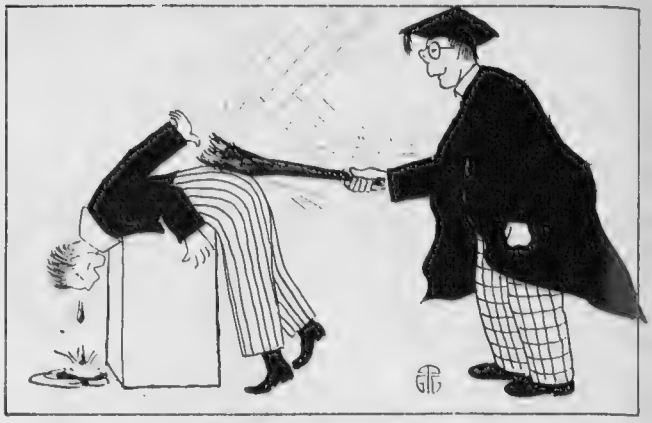


"Seek to impropitiate their elders"

non-learned victims who will not thrust for virtue unless encouraged by these non-honourable slaps.

Kindly to impardon, Hon. Sir, these digressings and I shall now return to my Hon. muttons. The Etons, in order to acquire courage and to also heap terror into their enemies, emerge to the cricket field with their war chant called "The Eton Boating Persons' Song," which never lacks to inspire with terror and tremblings the enemies they seek to devour.

Also it are very beautiful sight to observe the proudful smiles of the Hon. parentals, masc and femn, when their studious offsprings achieve innings and



"To administer swishes"

to make purchase acid, pear or other succulent drops for a good rewarding. But how, alasly, of those evil-starred r's who contrive only to score ducks and other non-legitimate eggs? This are indeedly a glumpish thought because of the sorrowing parentals who must weep and gnash for shame and beat their stomachs with considerable severity, while the youthful ducks tear out some hairs and perform other suitable rites to depict their unworthiness. But let us constrain to hope there shall be not any ducks or other bad omen birds, but only centuries, boundries and suchly stylish scorings, so that all the Hon. parentals may lavishly embrace their erudite offsprings and hasten to purchase for them the lolly and other sweetish pops they so extremely desire. I shall now indulge a diminutive afflatus:

"Admirals and other exalted marines"

How swift the small scholastic batster races,
To seek Hon. parentals' proud embraces,
While Hon. companions vociferate their cheers,
And Hon. professors emerge some happy tears.

suchly gymnastic honours and run to embrace them as they emerge from the pitch. Indeedly, it are delicious to witness when a victorious batster or ballster (Eton or Harrow) falls into the embraces of his Hon. parentals who splash tears of joy into his Eton (or Harrow) collar, then depart with him

My enthusiastics for these so diminutive sportsters has made me to almost forget the Oxford v against Cambridgeshire cricketing combat. These so gallant crews leave their nautical element and become landlubbing persons who ply the bat and wicket. It are a very entertaining spectacular to observe these briney salts seeking to perform stumpings, overs and other non-familiar dry feats on their sea legs while admirals and other exalted marines ejacule "heave ho!" and suchly maritime encouragements. But I must now belay my pen and also avast because of the approaching exhaustion of your available spaces. Notwithstandingly, I have wish these amiable and talented Blue crews many happy heave-hoes and wives in all their ports.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, as heretoforely, that you continue to suffer very equitable and non-diminishing good healths, I pause to remain,

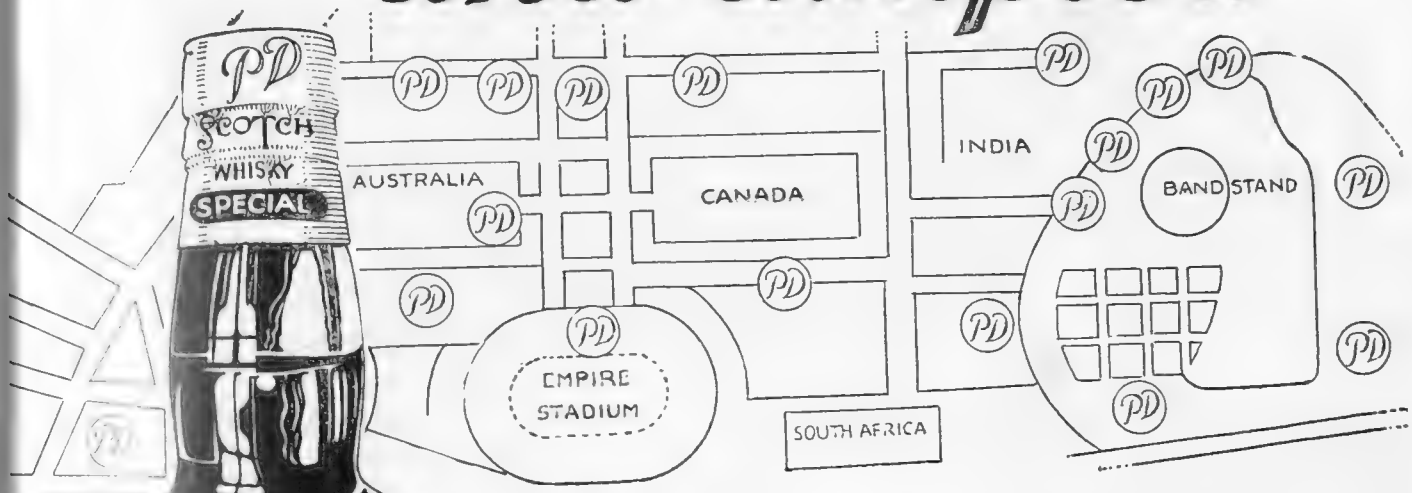
Yogu Hama

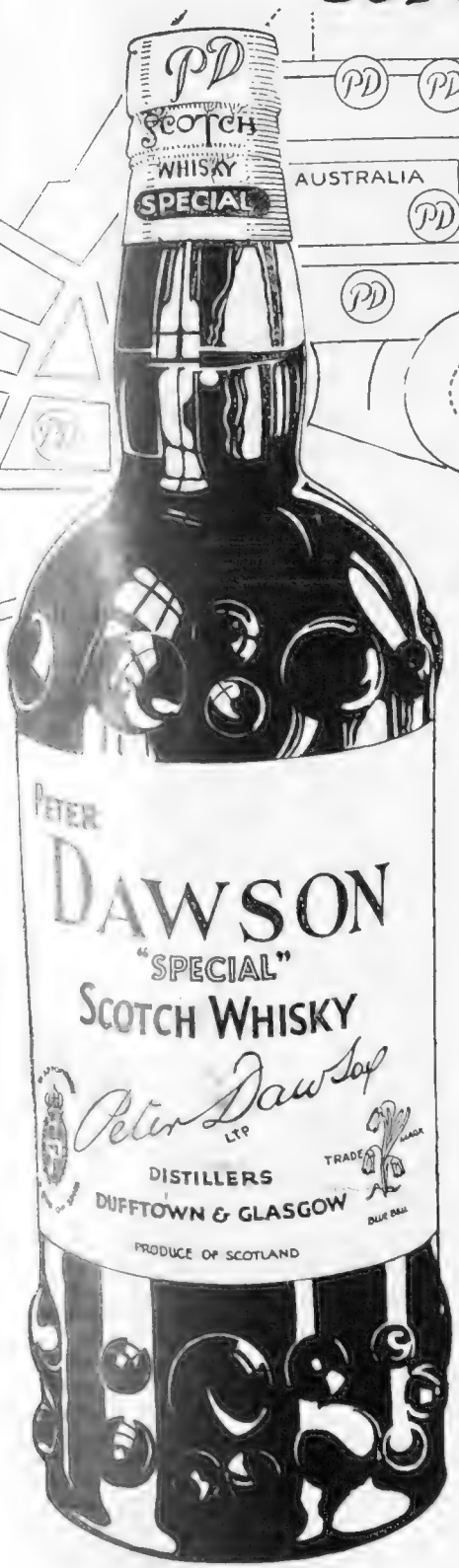
Photograph *Personality Photo Press*

POLO PREFERRED

The Duchess of Westminster and Lady Warrender off to play in a ladies' polo match in Richmond Park

Wembley is "brambled and dimpled"





A FEW HOURS of seeing the sights of Wembley is an excellent preparation for the full enjoyment of genuinely old, time-matured, wood-matured Peter Dawson Whisky. And you will have no trouble in finding it.

At any of the fifty-four bars and restaurants that are "brambled and dimpled" throughout the Exhibition grounds, you can get the whisky in the "brambled and dimpled" bottle.

It is the same throughout the Empire itself. "P.D" has won its place in every country, and you have only to taste it to know why.

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It's easy to say "P.D"
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FEMINA

SMILES AND FEATHERS

By "CANDIDA"

Photograph *Hugh Cecil*

ARGENTINA

The well-known Spanish dancer, who appears at the Pourville Casino this week. Many other famous stars will be seen there during the course of the season

THOSE visitors of ours are, as usual, giving us their impressions of us and of England as if they were paid for doing it, whereas we'd be very grateful and would gladly pay them if they'd only keep themselves from being "impressed." "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us," and all that sort of thing, is quite beside the point. Nothing would be less exhilarating if it really came off. These Scotsmen! Always out to better themselves! And when their aspirations are expressed in broad Scotch they're sure to be twice as wonderful than they would be in the King's English.

BUT I digress. A lady from the Far West on a visit to London in general, and Wembley in particular, sums up the situation like this: "What I notice about Englishwomen is that they're all smiles and ostrich feathers." Evidently she'd been to Ascot and to quite a lot of dances where the feathers really were something to marvel at, and the smiles also. There's no excuse for the feathers, but, considering the crush everywhere, the smiling, I think, is all to our credit.

I COULD have enlightened that lady. Smiles aren't always what they seem to be, just signs of sheer delight and exuberance and *joie de vivre*. It's not the young things that smile nowadays; life is far too serious for that. They haven't begun to see the fun of things, nor the what-does-it-matterness of the whole situation. Besides, they've still got a skin *sans peur et sans reproche* and can do what they like with their expression. It's the others who do the smiling, and they do it, some of them, not so much because the world's such a funny place where you must laugh so as not to weep, but because it's so important to keep these dreadful lines out of one's face. Creams and skin foods and lotions aren't in it this season; the miracle of eternal youth is achieved by muscle and sheer force of will. At the last thing in "beauty parlours" you face-exercise strenuously in front of a mirror, and the rule, as soon as you're let loose, is just a little powder and a lot of smiling, which smile is not to be switched off ever as you value your look of five-and-twenty summers.

SMILING isn't really an easy matter. Anyone, of course, can draw up the corners of her mouth, but that's only the husk of the real thing, and you realise how difficult it is to look pleasant and interesting at the same time, when, for instance, you face the camera. They're civilised over the business in these days. The gentleman in charge is nearly always a brilliant conversationalist, and meanders pleasantly from subject to subject, waiting all the time for your "expression," which persistently refuses to express what is expected of it. And you wish to goodness you were back in the comfortable old days when one took no pains at all, when one stood (portrait of a gentleman) Dundreary-whiskered and imperturbable, leaning against a cardboard pedestal, or, flounced and curled and all (portrait of a lady), one stared at a cotton rose, or fingered the pages of a book. They were right, those good predecessors of ours, to dispense with expression. If we fail to find a gleam of intelligence on their countenances we blame the photographer. But we, in overdoing the soulful part, will have no such loophole.

Photograph *Sasha*

A PARISIAN IMPORTATION

Nilson Fysher, who has brought his famous cabaret "Chez Fysher," to Oddenino's in Regent Street, where he charms the ear and eye of Londoners every evening. With him is Dora Stroeva, whose singing and guitar playing are of a type of their own

WELL, well, small blame to us if we can't all achieve the smile of a Monna Lisa. Let's discuss the feathers. I'm informed that the British dressmakers have just discovered the ostrich for purely patriotic reasons. If you had an idea that it didn't need discovering at this time of day, disabuse yourself of it. The last word is always a discovery, especially with the dressmaker people. Theirs is the shortest memory in the world. But it's interesting to notice that while we're saying that we did our discovering for the prosperity of our colonies, and took to feathers with one affectionate eye on South Africa, where, I take it, the ostrich has long been left languishing, in Paris they tell you quite another story. "We invented the ostrich feather fashion," they proclaim in the usual manner. "We always invent everything"—and one is obliged to leave it at that. Does it matter very much? In my young days it distressed me to notice how it was always undiluted Blücher who won the Battle of Waterloo in Berlin and places. And as for the War, there weren't two points of view on everything, there were at least twenty.

I'VE always wondered how it could possibly pay one to keep ostriches. They obligingly scatter their feathers all over the place, but there's so much of them that does nothing. Until lately I was always grateful to them for hiding their heads in the sand and giving us the perfect example of perfect foolishness, but my faith has been badly shaken. Lately I've read a book which made it its business to prove that nothing happens as it ought to, that ostriches never do, and never did, hide their heads at the approach of an enemy, that King Alfred never burnt the cakes, that the Black Prince didn't wear black armour, etc., etc., and that nothing ever happened as it's supposed to in the story books.

BUT the feather mania of 1924 is a solid fact; the lady from the Far West was quite right. And it's an improvement, anyway, on the feather mania of other years, when at a matinée you couldn't see anything for the feathered heads between you and the stage. All this pretty fluff has slipped down to the hem of the dress, where it's less in the way, where it waves and ripples like a field of corn in a breeze. Charming, very, but there are disadvantages. When you dance your feathers shed themselves at every step. They've invented a new game, so I'm told. To find your lady at a dance all you have to do is to follow the feathers. Pink feathers, mauve, or white invariably point the way; only persevere and you can track down anybody. And the new game calls itself—would you believe it?—it's so obvious: "*Cherchez la femme.*"

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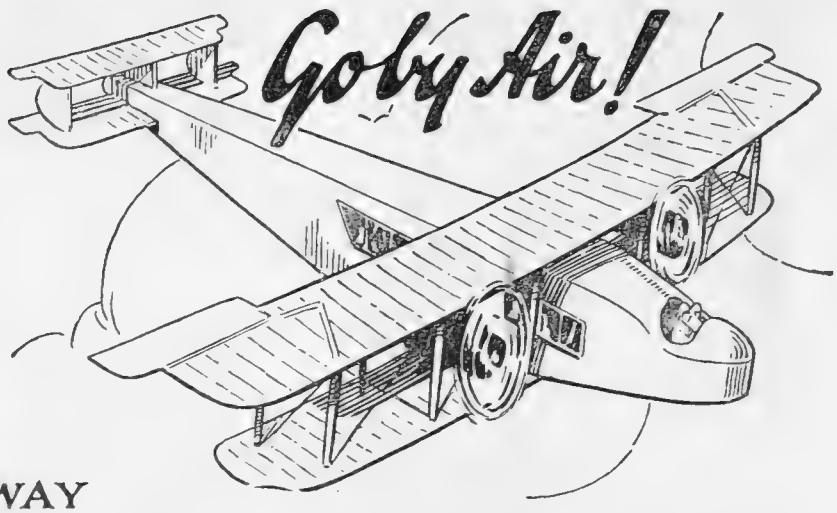
by the IMPERIAL AIRWAY



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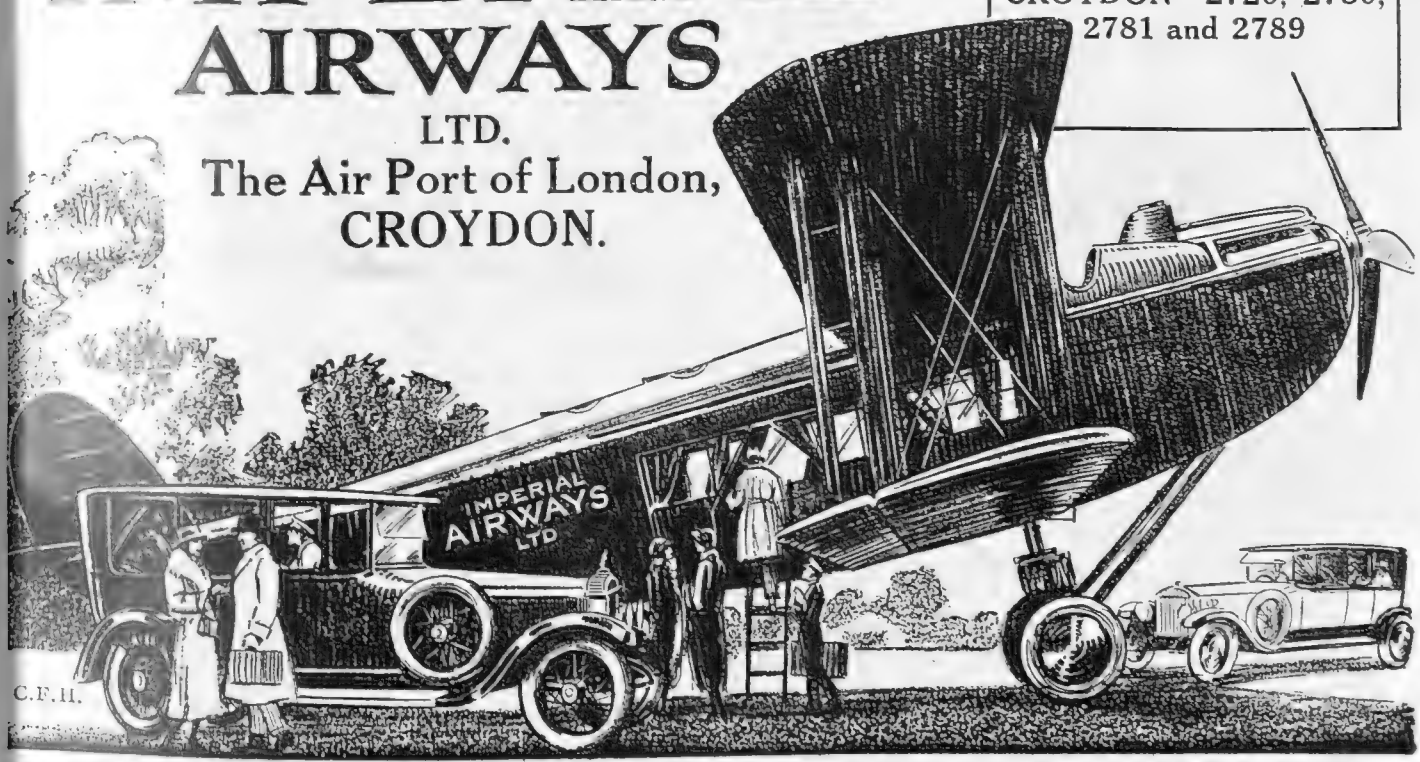

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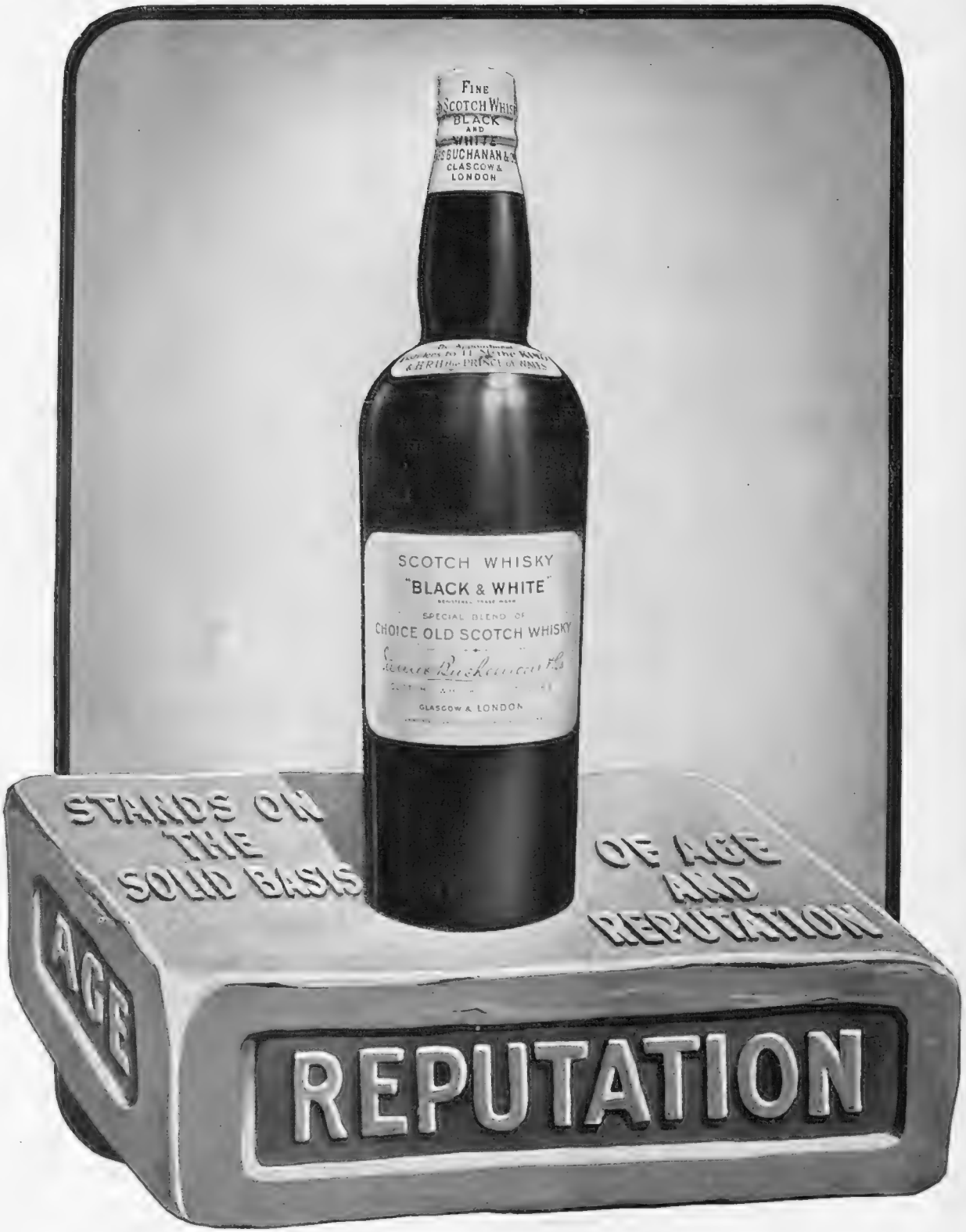

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What Lies in the Lens!

PREPARING A WET WICKET

There is something wrong with English cricket, so the pundits say. They are taking steps to remedy the trouble. Obviously the first thing to do is to accustom our batsmen to play on the wettest wicket possible. Our photograph (very exclusive) shows the rolling of the pitch at Henley which was sodden by the rains last week, in preparation for the Eton v. Harrow and the Oxford v. Cambridge matches this week

Last Moment Holidays

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"Lunching and Dining"

LONDON, *July 7*

DEAR COUSIN—

JUST about and around this time am habitually, immemorially, and I'm sure quite wrongly engaged, not to say engrossed — 'tween theatres and parties and 'twixt lunches and dinners — in deciding really finally and at last where, when and how to go for that summer holiday. Yes, 'course I know everybody's always telling us to take 'em early ('s if one *could* possibly tear oneself away from this merry maelstrom while it still so joyously seethes) and anyway ought, I s'pose, to 've made all manner of necess'ry arrangements, etcet., simply months and months ago.

THERE'S lots that do, I'm sure—all the properly behaved and well-conducted ones. 'Gin to plan things out about Feb., talk it over all March and April, and finally sign, seal and stamp the contract, complete with precise date of arr. and dep. (as the *A.B.C.*'s put it) somewhere around Mayish at very latest and last. And then proudly fold their arms, so to speak, feeling they've got an anxious job well over and can face their fellow men and women with a clean sheet and a conscience comfortably at rest.

AND am sure I envy 'em fearf'ly some ways—tho' must confess would worry me just a bit if I heard of heaps of nicer places afterwards all through May and June, as has a way of happening, doesn't it, if you've only got kind friends enough to tell you what chances you've missed? But am 'fraid shall never be in *much* danger of *that*, meself. Not being in the habit of leaving any very large interval for subsequent reflection *or* advice, and being a Very-Last-Momenter in the way of holidays in fact—as also, I trust, in most of the affairs of life where it's reasonably or even unreasonably poss.

"Adorable Florence"

MUST say seems a shade on the dull side, to me, the mere idea of having your fate all fixed up for you years and months and weeks ahead. So unexciting to know 'xactly what's before you—and anyway these long engagements are fearf'ly out of fashion. 'Sides, you lose, methinks, all the element of luck and adventure *and* those rich rare joys of all undecided prelim. anticipation and speculation, with the future (for at any rate a month or so) still a glorious untasted, unlabelled mystery.

WHEN, for a while, you own all England, Scotland and—no, not Ireland just at present yet, thanks, but cert'nly the Channel Islands, and a good bit of the Cont'nent as well. France, f'rinstance, and Italy and Holland and Belgium and Spain. . . . Even have dreams of going yet further afield, while one's about it. After all, could get comfortably to Suez and back I s'pose in the time, if you didn't do much lingering on the way. And easiest thing in the world to pop over to America in a nice luxurious liner jewelled in every hole so to speak, and have a week or so in New York or somewhere to boot, 'fore returning in the same rich and restful way.

AND then there's all the thrill of dallying deliciously over the rival fascinations of our own British coasts, not to mention the inland parts thereof. Worst of it is all the guide books and things do seem to tell you

"All bunk and bosh"

such a little in such a lot of words. Inform you, f'rinstance, with the air of conferring a great treat, that there's a perfectly good Early English cruciform church in the village, with a low central tower (though not quite what it was, owing to having been completely "restored" somewhere about the 'eighties) and a fine granite cross in the churchyard and a monument to Admiral Sir J. Jones. And that if you walk over the cliff (3 m.) you get to the next village, which is reached by a sharp descent and has another capital church, with decorated tower and spire, and a subterranean passage (now stopped up) to the shore from an ancient castle (now extinct).

NOTHING about what sort of *place* it is really, mark you, or whether it's got the right sort of mixture of trees and cliffs and beach, and sea, and what the houses and people are like. So you just have to hunt for it on the map to see if it *looks* niceish or is anywhere near where anyone lives that you know.

(Continued on page 108)

Maintain your Health during the Summer months by drinking delicious

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

LAST MOMENT HOLIDAYS (*concluded*)

And 'fore you know where you are, you've wandered off a bit northwards or east or west or south, and found somewhere else that seems just *the* spot, and so on and so forth.

COULD spend days and days meself, not to say weeks, on this d'lightful pastime, and, 'tween you and me, not sure it isn't nearly half the pleasure of the whole thing. And have never quite discovered yet how it ever eventually does come to an end. 'Cos when you've all but settled on a sojourn in breezy Mullion or a bask in the soft sunshine of sheltered Lynmouth, suddenly there comes once more a tug at the heart, a *sehnsucht* for glorious golden Rome, that's never really too hot, whatever the would-be experts say, or adorable Florence, amid its wooded hills, or Chamonix, with a bit of Mont Blanc snow to look at and keep you cool, or whitely glittering Ostend or Scheveningen of the super-sand beach, with its miles of dunes and millions of great hooded basket-chairs. . . .

PLENTY of social duties crowding on us now thick and fast, with a sort of final burst, 'fore things end up with the big naval review at Spithead on the 26th, with Goodwood and Cowes to follow. 'Nother big happening of this week—'sides a once more packed list of private dances, 'bout four a night—being the great

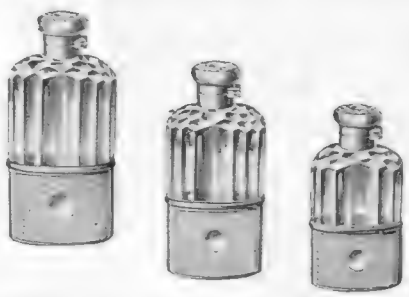
"Holidays"

Heart of Empire Ball they're having at the Albert Hall this Wednesday as ever is. Whereat there's to be lovely sea scenery and a great glittering water-fall, and at least three Royalties, and a patriotic procession and all, with Lady Di as Britannia and all sorts of peeresses and people being "symbolic figures" of the Dominions and places, with attendant retinues in native costume to match. And there's another pageant affair on the same day when the West Kent Federation of Women are staging an historical pageant of Kentish village life at Lullingstone Castle, Sir William Hart Dyke's lovely home near Sevenoaks.

WHAT a d'lightfully 'servative people we are! *Plus ça change*, the more we stay just the same old London. Same old musical comedies, like the new *Street Singer* at the Lyric; same old plot ("all bunk and bosh and poppycock," my Rodeo neighbour in the next stall somewhat rudely summed it up) and very much the same old music, too. But how happily and joyfully we all love it and lap it up. And a good sign, too, come to think of it, this Empire-summer. Must give all our Dominion visitors pos'tively immense confidence in us, for one thing. In our stability and all the rest of it, I mean—what?

With love, yours 'ever,

BLANCHETTE



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7 oz. £3 15 0 5 oz. £3 7 6 3 oz. £3 0 0

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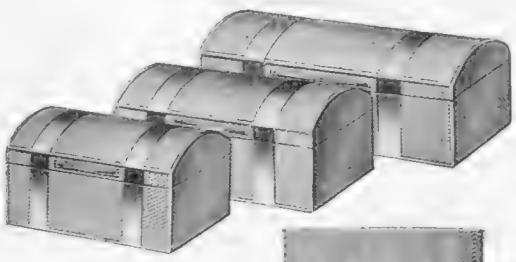

Sterling Silver Engine-turned Cigarette Boxes.
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5½ ins. £7 10 0
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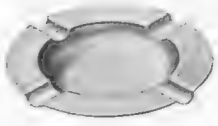
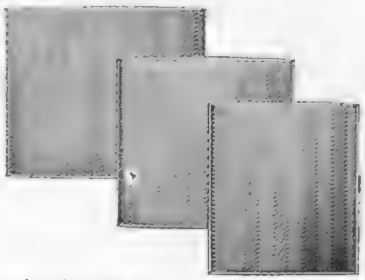


Sterling Silver Engine-turned Ash Tray.
£1 15 0



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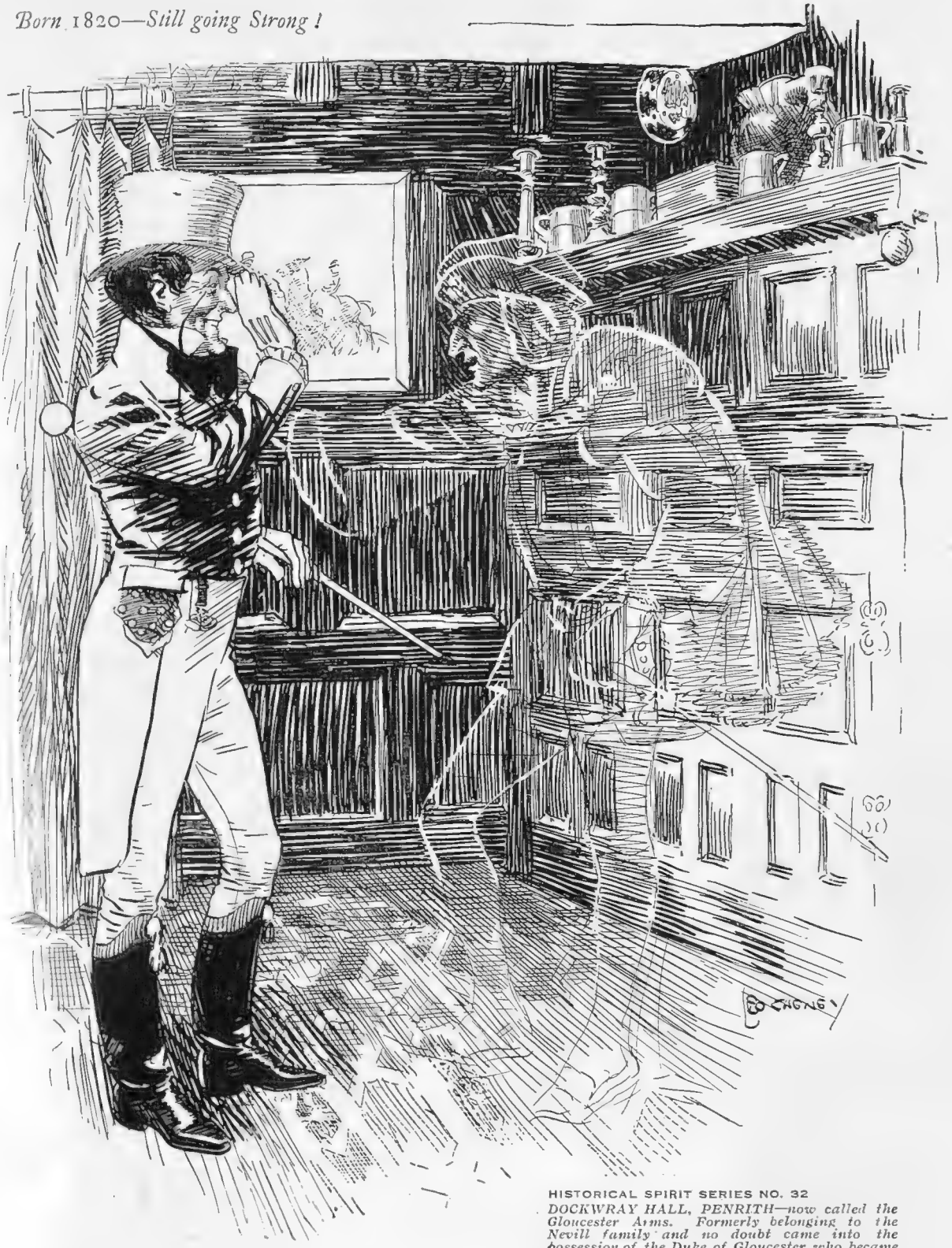

HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 32

DOCKWRAY HALL, PENRITH—now called the Gloucester Arms. Formerly belonging to the Nevill family and no doubt came into the possession of the Duke of Gloucester who became Richard III. Contains some fine mediæval oak wainscoting and a room in which Richard III is said to have slept

Shade of King Richard III: "Yes, 'tis true I called 'A horse, a horse, my Kingdom for a horse', but *everybody* calls for you."

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CAMERA NOTES

PHOTOGRAPHY ON TOUR

PONT DU CHEVAL, BRUGES

Bruges: A Photographic Haunt

IT is rarely indeed that a visit to a photographic exhibition fails to reveal a number of pictures of scenes in Bruges, and though some of the critics would roundly condemn such subjects as "hackneyed," it is only fair to admit that this quaint old Belgian town offers exceptional opportunities to the photographer with a pictorial turn of mind.

A Relic of Mediæval Civilisation

THOUGH noted in its earlier days as the foremost mercantile port in North Europe, Bruges retains to-day little trace of any such commercial importance beyond a few handicraft industries, such as lace-making, which is still actively carried on in the homes of the citizens. A city of convents, religious communities and almshouses, its claim to fame lies in its serene old-world atmosphere, its perfectly preserved mediæval aspect, the quaint beauty of the city and its waterways, and its unique store of art treasures. In the desire to preserve the character of the city as a relic of mediæval life, the local authorities have followed the policy of contributing towards the cost of restoring old buildings, whenever this is carried out with reference to old archives so as to produce as faithfully as possible the original external appearance. Largely owing to this fact the city abounds in picturesque cobble-stoned streets, and quaint old corners, which provide a wealth of subjects for the camera. In these old quarters of the town, too, the lace-makers may be seen at work in the open door-ways, and with women and girls of all ages busily plying their bobbins, many opportunities for interesting character studies present themselves.

The Venice of Northern Europe

FROM the picture-maker's point of view, however, Bruges is still richer in subjects by virtue of the abundance of waterways, by which the city has gained its description as "The Venice of the North." Surrounded and traversed in various directions by canals, which are now deserted save for an occasional rowing-boat or small motor-boat making the tour of the city, Bruges presents an almost endless variety of charming canal-side scenes, and it is in subjects of this nature that the visitor will find his most pleasing and distinctive camera records of the city.

Service for the Amateur

THE amateur who prefers to have his developing and printing done professionally is wise to devote some care to the choice of his service. The noted photographic house of Wallace Heaton, Ltd., of London and Sheffield, has made a feature of high-class work of this nature, and offers its clients the advantages of its wide experience and special facilities for an expeditious service. A postal inquiry to this firm at 119, New Bond Street, London, W.C. 1., will bring details of the very moderate prices charged for amateurs' work.

T. L. J. BENTLEY

TO-DAY and until 26th inst. HAMPTONS JULY SALE secures to every customer values in HOUSE FURNISHINGS which are never equalled elsewhere.

For example :—

Lot No. 8. Hamptons' **PERSIAN WILTON CARPETS.** These Carpets are of finest British manufacture, and very closely woven. They are confidently recommended to give every satisfaction in wear. There is an exceptionally great range of choice designs and colourings. The entire stock is being offered at the following substantial reductions :—

ft. in.	ft. in.	Usual Price £ s. d.	Sale Price £ s. d.
6 9	x 6 9	5 6 3	4 14 6
7 6	x 4 6	3 18 9	3 10 0
9 0	x 6 9	7 2 6	6 6 0
10 6	x 6 9	8 5 6	7 7 0
9 0	x 9 0	9 9 0	8 8 0
10 6	x 9 0	11 2 6	9 16 0
12 0	x 9 0	12 12 0	11 4 0
13 6	x 11 3	17 14 6	15 15 0
15 0	x 11 3	19 14 6	17 10 0
16 6	x 11 3	21 13 6	19 5 0
18 0	x 13 6	28 7 0	25 4 0
19 6	x 13 6	30 14 6	27 6 0
21 0	x 15 9	38 12 0	34 6 0

Lot No. 9. Hamptons' **FINE QUALITY PLAIN WILTON CARPETING.** This finely woven Carpeting is strongly recommended, both for its excellent wearing capacity and the richness of its pile. There is a very large range of choice colourings in stock, all of which are being cleared :—

27 in. body carpet at 9/3 yd.

Throughout this Sale every article in Hamptons' 6-roomed

HOUSE FURNISHED throughout for £240

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In addition to those specified, there is a large number of other sizes all equally reduced.

Size ft. in.	ft. in.	Usual Price £ s. d.	Sale Price £ s. d.
8 11	x 6 5	12 11 0	10 16 6
9 2	x 7 0	14 12 6	12 12 3
9 10	x 6 4	14 4 0	12 5 0
9 2	x 8 3	16 16 0	14 10 6
10 3	x 7 0	15 15 0	13 11 6
10 8	x 7 10	18 2 0	15 12 3
11 0	x 9 5	22 8 6	19 7 0
11 7	x 9 1	22 4 6	19 3 6
11 11	x 8 10	22 16 0	19 13 6
12 3	x 8 11	23 19 0	20 13 0
12 10	x 9 4	26 5 6	22 13 3
12 0	x 7 11	20 1 6	17 6 6
13 7	x 9 2	27 7 0	23 11 9
13 3	x 9 8	28 2 0	24 5 0
13 5	x 10 3	30 3 6	26 0 9
14 1	x 9 11	30 5 0	26 2 0
14 4	x 11 3	31 8 0	27 1 9
14 10	x 9 10	32 0 6	27 12 0
15 1	x 11 5	37 15 6	32 11 6
15 7	x 12 1	40 16 0	35 3 0
16 8	x 12 4	45 2 0	38 18 0
16 1	x 13 0	45 6 0	39 1 3
17 4	x 11 11	45 6 6	39 1 9
18 1	x 13 1	51 5 0	44 4 6
19 0	x 13 11	55 16 0	48 2 6

For illustrations and full particulars of many other equally great bargains in FURNITURE, CARPETS, FURNISHING FABRICS, LINEN, WALLPAPERS, ANTIQUES, CHINA, IRONMONGERY, etc., see HAMPTONS' Sale CATALOGUE, sent free. Pall Mall East, LONDON, S.W.1

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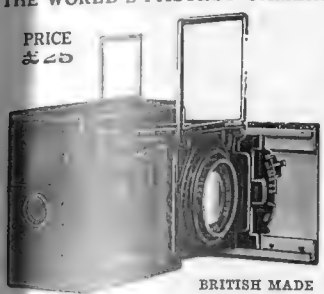

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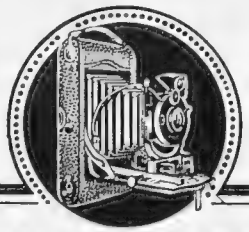

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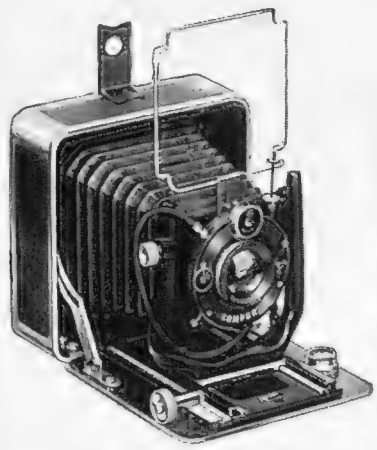

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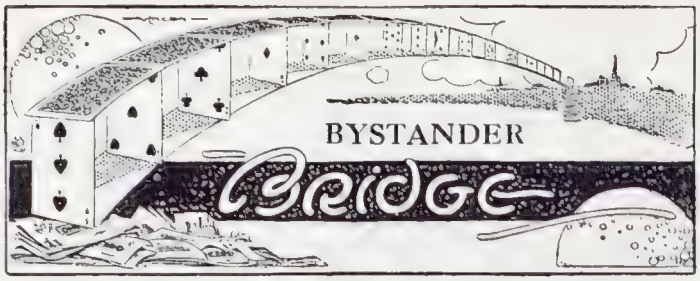


BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

"BUCCANEER BRIDGE"

It is surprising how difficult it is to get Bridge-players to try anything new, even if the novelty be only a variation of their favourite game. Some time ago I received from Messrs. Waddington a pack of cards with rules and particulars of a game called "Buccaneer Bridge." Studying them, I came to the conclusion it was well worth a trial. But when I came to try to collect three players to experiment with me I struck a snag. One and all they began to make excuses.

"Not to-day, old thing. I'd rather play Auction. Perhaps some other time." That was the kind of answer I got.

. . . . . .

Rather funny, isn't it, this disinclination to try new experiments? Is it a sense of loyalty to old favourites, innate conservatism, or mere laziness? I suspect it is a little of all three. There are people so constituted that they have not room in their brain-cells for more than one game at a time. Mah-Jongg enthusiasts did not want to play Bridge while the craze lasted, although many of them have returned to their old love now.

Personally, I love trying new games. I experimented with scores of them when I was writing my book, and the result of my examination was to confirm me in the opinion that, while many of them are excellent as a change, Auction Bridge is quite the best of the lot.

. . . . . .

I do not regard "Buccaneer Bridge" as a serious rival to Auction nor as likely to supersede it. But it has several good features, some of which might well be adopted and grafted on to our present game. It is not altogether new. It has elements of "Pirate Bridge" in it and the scoring is on somewhat the same lines as "Cairo Bridge," which I described in my book, and which I consider the finest variation of Auction yet invented. The scoring is simplified. All suits are placed on a level. The odd trick in any suit or in no-trumps scores 10 points below the line. Simple honours count 20, four honours 40, five honours 50, four honours in one hand 80, five honours in one hand 100. I understand the Americans are revising the scoring for Auction on a similar plan.

. . . . . .

The two outstanding novelties in "Buccaneer" are that the game is played with a pack of fifty-six cards, consisting of the four ordinary suits with one card, "the Buccaneer," added to each suit. The dealer before giving thirteen cards to each player lays out four cards face upwards on the table. Each player in turn may change any cards up to four for those exposed on the table, his own discards being then at the disposal of the other players.

The dealer now makes the first bid, the suits ranking as at Auction for bidding purposes. "The Buccaneer" cards rank as ones, the lowest in the pack. The game differs from Auction in that the highest bidder has the right to play the hand and can choose which of the other three hands he desires to have as dummy. The player whose hand is chosen takes the cards previously held by the highest bidder. Thus the partnership element of Auction does not come into the bidding. The player who bids highest may, therefore, play with the best hand at the table wherever it may be. How does he know which is the best hand, you may ask? Obviously by the bidding and discarding.

. . . . . .

The bidding may resolve itself into a duel between two players who each desire to play the hand in the same suit, claiming the other's cards as dummy. If a player fails to make good his contract he loses 50 points for each under-trick, or 100 if doubled as at Auction. The game consists of 50 points, and the rubber is won by the players who first win two games. It is claimed for "Buccaneer" that it gives a good chance to the bad card holder. Not only does the discarding give him a chance, but he has also the opportunity of bidding up for the best hand. The forcing of an opponent to over-call is more important, and can be done more effectively at "Buccaneer" than at Auction, and the player with the worst hand may, in consequence, find himself a winner.

. . . . . .

R. L. H. (Coatbridge) asks my opinion of the following bidding:

Score: Game all. A, B 20 in rubber game. Y, Z 10.

A dealt and called "One no-trumps." Y "no bid."

B held: S—7, 5; H—6, 2; D—7, 5, 4,; C—J, 9, 8, 7, 4, 2, and called "two Clubs." Z "no bid." Y "two Hearts."

B and Z "no bid." A "double." All passed.

A held: S—A, K, Q, 2. H—A, K, Q. D—K, 6, 3, 2. C—K, 3.

Y, Z went down one trick, and won the rubber on the next hand.

I consider that at the score and having a worthless hand, B should have called "three Clubs." Assuming that call left in, B would have made his contract as he could get discards of his losing Diamonds.

A's double does not seem to be very good. He knew that his partner was weak, and he could not be *sure* of making six tricks in his hand.

"COOL CUSTOMERS" By Eddie Benfield

BYSTANDER FOUR WEEKS' COMPETITION.—No. III

(Third Week)

Score: Game all. Z deals and bids "three Hearts."
A doubles. Y holds:

S—A, J, 8, 7.
H—4, 2.
D—A, Q, 7, 6.
C—K, Q, 2.

(*a*) What should Y say?

Score: Love all. Z deals and holds:

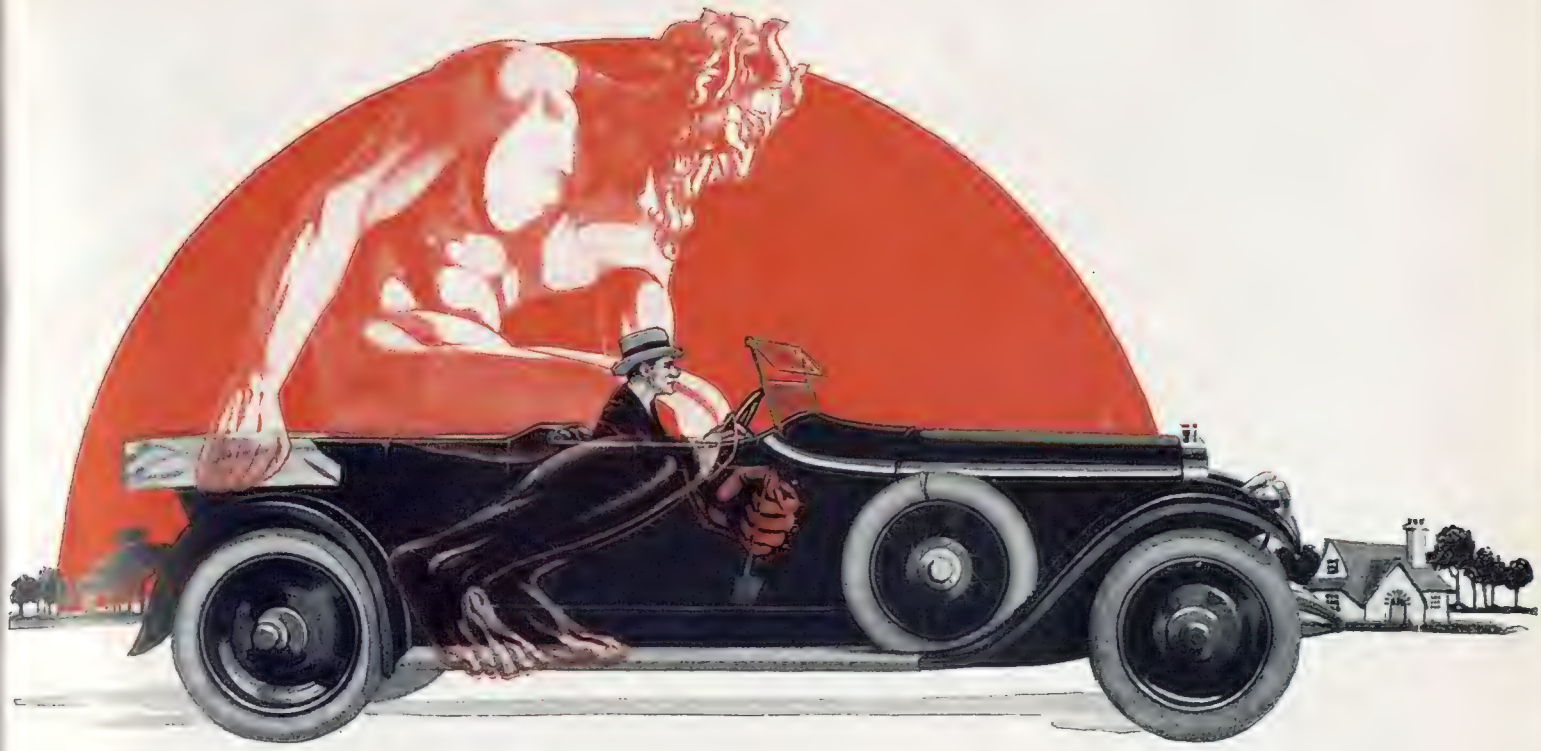
S—Q, 4.
H—10, 9, 8, 7, 5, 4, 2.
D—Q, J, 10.
C—A.

(*b*) What should Z say?

Score: Game all. A, B 16 in rubber game. Z deals and holds:

S—K, J, 3, 2.
H—K, J, 4.
D—K, J, 3.
C—K, J, 2.

(*c*) What should Z say?



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Light-Time in Paris

BY MARCEL PONCIN

A scene at L'Ermitage de Longchamp, one of the new open-air dance restaurants in the Bois where Paris foxtrots, dines, and disports itself on summer nights under the lamp-hung trees

PARIS GLADE DANSANTS

No. I.—L'ERMITAGE DE LONGCHAMP

By ROLAND ATKINSON. *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

PARIS wood nymphs do not dance by the green glimmer of the glow-worm, but they do dance, through the long sweet-scented nights of summer, in forest glades which whisper of elves and pixies. Fairyland, or dreamland, can have nothing fairer to feast the imagination than the romantic retreats of the Bois de Boulogne, where the riches of nature are deftly employed as a setting for the emotional rhythm of new and old dance.

WHEN the first warm winds of June have brought a sense of oppressiveness into the *dancings* of Montmartre and the Opera *quartier*, introducing into the most successfully [illegible] champagne an unpleasant [illegible] of hot grog, fairy lamps [illegible] flicker through the tall trees [illegible] our corners of the Bois de Boulogne and all that is fashionable and wealthy, all that is artistic and Bohemian, feels the irresistible call of the woods. The "season" revolves on its most outward spin before humming its swiftest evolutions at the opera balls. Dinner in the arbours of one of the *chic* restaurants of the Bois de Boulogne, with an artistry of *cuisine* that would stimulate the most capricious epicure, with dancing to follow, or to precede, or to accompany, a foreground of fascinating witchery—Parisiennes in all their incomparable beauty of brilliant *toilette*, alluring in their vivacity—and a background of heavily scented trees—holds a thrill for the most prosaic.

THE first throb of a new, rare joy comes as you turn your eyes from the stately lines of the Arc de Triomphe and your car glides into the broad sweep of the Avenue du Bois, lined to the limit of its vast expanse with modern palaces. Soon you are through the gilded gates of the most wonderful playground in Europe and the romantic spirit of the Bois has you in its delicious thrall. Down the dimly lit drive to the lakes, the new green leaves of the vigorous saplings glint as they sway within range of the headlight beams, and you begin to wind in and out in a maze of narrow white roads, almost completely overhung by the spreading branches of the old oaks and horse-chestnuts.

LET'S go first to the Ermitage de Longchamp, not because there is any reason to take these *restaurants du Bois* in any order, but because recently it has been showing the most liveliness. L'Ermitage is the farthest out, down by the Suresnes bridge and just beyond the Longchamp racecourse. One feels, as the car rolls through the gates—it seems almost possible to drive right up among the sparkling copper pans of the *chef*—that it must have a history, but one does not care if it has, being exquisitely satisfied with its present. Until one gets accustomed to the half-light, the white-clothed tables dotted in cheery irregularity about the grounds are almost dazzling, but when glowing evening frocks are grouped about them, and brown-pink arms move over them in expressive gesture, they soften down as part of a moving picture coloured in perfect harmony. Some soulless mocker asks, "Wasn't it Byron who said, "The lights shone o'er fair women and suave men?" And he is immediately peppered with pine cones.

"In perfect communion of step"

IF you do not wish to dine directly under the stars, there are little log huts down the sides, entirely open in front. In the centre of the gardens is the dancing-floor, laid as carefully as that of a ballroom, and providing just enough space in case the occupants of all the tables should wish to dance at the same time—which never happens.

WHILE you linger appreciatively over your cold *consommé*, the first strains of faint music ripple rejoicingly across the centre of gaiety and then come echoing back softly from the dark mass of densely clustered trees. This "music in the breeze" prelude is a touch of inspiration. If you can resist that you are just a clod—and will always remain a clod.

OUR wood nymphs cannot resist it. They nestle closer to you with an appeal, "Shall we dance *soon?*" The artist-organiser knows the effect of his preliminary syren-song, and a few minutes afterwards—just stressed enough to carry over the hushed conversation—come the irresistible notes of a sensuous tango. In a luxurious reverie you and your dreaming partner glide in perfect communion of step around the dancing floor.

SCARCELY have you returned to your table than that magnetic band croons an old negro melody, modernised into a one-step. From that clump of bushes, all round the gardens eerie blueish-green flares shoot out, casting grotesque reflections. The watch-fires of the Hermit, you conclude. The spirit of the forest has pervaded everyone and you dance in ecstasy till the chimes of midnight sound the city's recall.

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY'S work will never, I imagine, make its appeal to a very wide public. Many people find it acutely unpleasant. With this verdict I do not altogether agree, though there are passages in his novels and stories which seem to be hitting you unnecessarily hard in the face. The stories in his new collection, *Little Mexican* (Chatto and Windus: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) are queerly unconventional, stark things which bring in their trail an uncomfortable jolt. You have never the least idea what is in store for you. At the same time they are stories which do not easily efface themselves from your mind. Things happen about you in real life, and you are suddenly reminded of a passage in the story of Uncle Spencer, or of the man who sold sham "Masters," or of the youth who ran away from the woman at the one supreme moment. There used to be what was called the Fleshly School, and I dare say that if Mr. Huxley had been writing forty years ago, he would, willy-nilly, have been enrolled amongst its members. To-day he belongs to no school at all. He is a man who can write of real things with a grave beauty of his own: he will bow down to no stereotyped convention; and if you like him not, that is your affair. I can only say that *Little Mexican* contains work of the first class, which leaves, a little unfortunately, a nasty taste in the mouth.

THERE have been cricket matches galore in modern fiction, but I do not remember to have seen before a whole novel devoted to a single match, and it says much for Mr. Hugh de Selincourt that his book, *The Cricket Match* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) never palls. It is no test-match that you are invited to witness; not even a county match, but just one of those thrilling Saturday afternoon contests when your own village is playing a neighbour as keen as yourselves on the game. We are shown first the various members of the Tillingfold team in the morning, and almost as soon as dear old John (who must have been playing cricket for nearly a half-century) rises up from his bed, you feel that this day will be marked off from all others. As for the match itself, it is described in a detail which may not be to the liking of every young lady dying to discover a heroine, but which will delight every cricketer's heart. And nothing will induce me to tell you whether Tillingfold wins or not. It is a joyous book which shows an intimate knowledge of cricket.

I HAVE been interested in a novel of Indian life called *A Rajah's Honour* (Palmer: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). The writer, Pearl Weymouth, disarms criticism in a prefatory note by drawing attention to the many very curious affairs which do really happen in India. She herself relates a sufficiently bizarre story, but it is interesting, not to say thrilling, throughout, and its central theme is one that, to me at any rate, is entirely new. A doctor obtains access in female disguise to a Rajah's wife in order to save her life. He is discovered, and very serious trouble not unnaturally follows, for although the Rajah himself pardons the insult to his caste, and, indeed, swears to regard the doctor's honour henceforth as his own, a tragedy ensues. Somehow the last thing that you are expecting is this tragedy, and I cannot imagine what people will say when they read it. It is one of the most ghastly things I have ever read in my life. As for the Rajah himself, I share the writer's liking for him, although he is rather too reminiscent of that other potentate whom Mr. Arliss is playing just now.

WHAT, I often hear people asking, is the truth about Fleet Street? What really goes on inside the various newspaper offices? Are editors the ogres that some folk imagine them to be? And does journalism *pay?* You will find the answers to all those questions in Mr. Michael Joseph's new book, *Journalism for Profit* (Hutchinson: 6*s.* net), which is not only an admirable manual for the would-be journalist himself, but will also delight the ordinary newspaper reader because of the fascinating pictures it draws of journalistic life. You must have wondered how a great modern newspaper is run, and here the whole scheme is laid bare.

MR. JOSEPH has been wise, too, to obtain the views of so many successful journalists. Sir Philip Gibbs, for instance, writes a foreword of more than ordinary interest. Then there is Mr. Brodie Fraser, the news editor of the *Sunday Times*, who not only explains the complicated and extremely difficult work which a man in his position is called upon to do (and in no time at all, it would seem !), but has also placed his wide technical knowledge at the author's service and read through the proofs. Mr. Fraser's contribution, indeed, is one of the most interesting and most useful in the book.

ONE tiny slip I notice. Speaking of the illustrated weeklies Mr. Joseph says that the press day for photographs is usually Monday, but in THE BYSTANDER, at any rate (and I hope I am not giving secrets away), this is not so. Nor is it true to say that the paper goes to press a fortnight or more before the day of publication. But these are minor matters. Mr. Joseph has written a book of great value, which should have as great a success as its predecessor.

Photograph *Hugh Cecil*

MR. ALFRED LESTER

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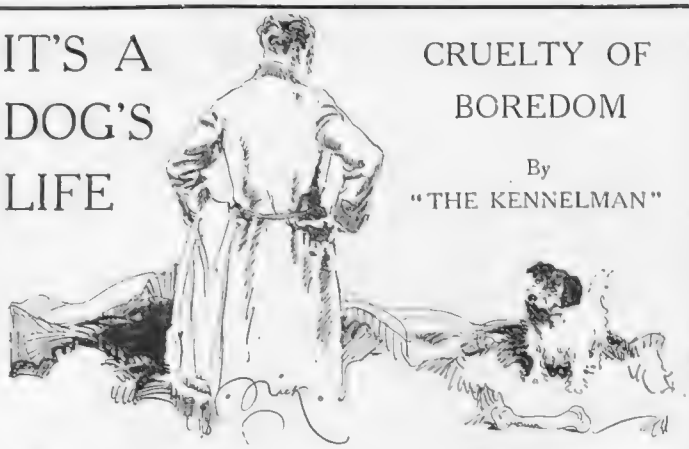
By "THE KENNELMAN"



THIS week's Dog Shows began well yesterday at Richmond. There will be Shows to-day at Rugby, Redhill, Sheffield, and elsewhere; and in Regent's Park those hyacinthine-locked gentry, the Saluki Hounds, the sporting Dogs of the Arab peoples, will forgather. Next week's longish list of functions includes the Show of the Pekingese Reform Association, in Regent's Park.

A correspondent in Hove who has given me instructive and interesting information about her own and other Dogs during the past year, has now, incidentally, startled me by a reference to her seventy-first birthday! Her handwriting looks like five-and-thirty, and I'll warrant her epistolatory style could not have been more crisp and taut, cheery and to the point, at five-and-twenty. Perhaps regular study of THE BYSTANDER makes for perpetual youth; for this lady says she has read every word of it since the first of its doggy articles appeared. Also, beyond a doubt, the intelligently cultivated companionship of Dogs makes for all-round health and good spirits. That I know.

The particular point raised in this correspondent's last letter is a request for a typical guide or programme of a happy, healthy day in a Dog's life—". . . for the benefit of the thousands of people who, though real lovers of Dogs, often make them miserable from sheer ignorance of the kind of life they enjoy. The R.S.P.C.A. is keen to prevent such obvious offences as the beating of Dogs, but is silent on the cruelty of boring them to extinction, which possibly makes for more doggy unhappiness."

The trouble in the programme of an ideal day in a Dog's life would fill many pages. Think of the scope and variety, the necessary limitations; the tiny Terrier in Mayfair, the Hound in country kennels, the Setter on the moors! Wholeheartedly I agree that, in the form of avoidable boredom, confinement, and over-indulgence, as much or more downright cruelty can be inflicted upon Dogs as they could suffer from cruder forms of brutality.

A happy day for the average——. Well, it should begin as early as possible, with freedom in the open air; the earlier the better. The Dog won't mind your being in pyjamas or dressing-gown. Watch him taking his first draught of the outer air, and all its different fascinating scents. He thirsts for that long before you wake. An hour later may come brekker—providing that's his feeding time. In the interval between his first outing and the full swing of the household's day, a thumping big bone—never mind there being nothing on it—is a choice plaything.

Desiring neither morning paper, pipe, cigarette or letters, your Dog will be grateful for the chance to accompany anyone whose lawful occasions lead him or her abroad before the morning's far advanced; though an hour or two's inaction is well enough if there's been a morning meal. Walking on the lead's better than not walking at all, but it's what sailors call "pretty dry hash," and shopping on the lead—well, please don't count it as part of a day's pleasure, or exercise; that's all. Yes, comparative quiescence is tolerable during the lunch-time period; but activity, and, if it can possibly be wangled, canine companionship, is highly desirable in the afternoon. Paying social calls (human style)—apart from the peril of being given deleterious afternoon tea snacks—is the poorest sort of fun for Dogs.

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is to find means of prevention and cure to reduce this appalling death-roll. In the forepart of the Battle stands

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a recognized Centre of Research, Teaching and Treatment, the largest of its kind in the Empire. But it is burdened with debt and cannot fulfil its national mission without generous support.

An urgent appeal is made for contributions in money and service. All are asked to join the Voluntary Helpers' Guild. Full particulars, and a booklet, "Many Ways of Helping in the Battle," will gladly be sent on request.

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL, Vincent Sq., London, S.W.

President: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY, VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES.
Chairman: J. GOMER BERRY, ESQ.

·OLD·TIME·CUSTOMS·

Handing the Whetstone.

Our ancestors, with a strong love of practical joking, and an equally strong aversion to falsehood and boasting, checked an indulgence in such vices by a very plain satire. A confirmed prevaricator was presented with a *whetstone*, to imply, jocularly, that his invention, if he continued to use it so freely, would require sharpening.

It's a wise old custom to

take a peg of

John Begg!

By Appointment since 1848.

The Scotch Whisky that has been supplied to all the Royal Palaces for 75 years.

JOHN BEGG LTD., 106, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3; 64, Waterloo St., Glasgow.

MOTOR NOTES

Photograph MISS ELSIE TARRON *G. P. A.*

A Mack Sennett bathing girl who, according to our informant, "joined the motor cycle squad in Los Angeles to take care of the beach speeders. But she has made nary an arrest they simply won't speed past Elsie." We don't quite know what all this means, but we hope it is nothing rude

MOTORISTS about to make a tour of England, Scotland, Wales or Ireland ought to carry the new handy-sized *Dunlop Guide to Great Britain* with them, as it contains in its 1,000 pages, maps and a compendium of useful information that are invaluable as an ever-ready guide when in doubt or seeking road lore. It is the best five shillings' worth of "road service" yet published by Messrs. E. J. Burrows and Co., Ltd., of Cheltenham and London. The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., are further supplementing their helpful guide-book by opening a bureau devoted to touring service at Central House, Kingsway, W.C.2, in order that anyone proceeding on a motor tour can receive road maps, itineraries, suitable hotels, and any information required for either long or short trips. This is all provided gratis, so that while the car rolls smoothly on Dunlop tyres the passengers are saved searching for pleasant places without fatigue—we don't approve of puns nowadays—as these are set out for them by the bureau.

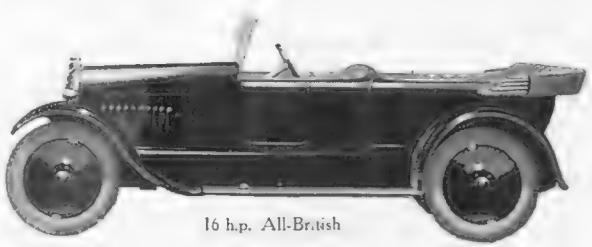
* * *

NO longer will the Fasnets present a bogey to the visitors to the Channel Islands, as on June 25 the world's largest passenger-carrying flying-boat—a huge Supermarine-Napier—was launched at Southampton. Designed by Mr. R. J. Mitchell and built by the Supermarine Aviation Co., of Southampton, this machine has been designed for service on the Southampton-Guernsey air route. The seaplane is driven by two 450 h.p. Napier aero engines and is designed to carry twelve passengers in addition to the pilot and mechanic. The passengers travel in the saloon incorporated in the hull, while the pilot's cabin is mounted on top of the hull between the engines. In its successful launching this huge "flying-boat" was driven by Mr. H. C. Baird, who won the Schneider Cup for Great Britain in 1922, a feat that will always keep his name in the list of England's famous air pilots.

* * *

IN a leading article recently our contemporary, the *Autocar*, drew attention to the freedom Continental and other foreign motorists will have given to them in bringing their cars over to England to tour its sylvan lanes without any of the troubles involved to ourselves in the manner of triptyques and such formalities. That is, this freedom will be the outcome of the abolition of the McKenna duties on motor-cars. Now although one gives the A.A. or R.A.C. a cheque representing the value of one's car when taking it on the Continent, most men hope it will remain in the safe during the duration of the trip and returned to its drawer when back again in his own country. Otherwise a considerable sum of money is being tied up without any material advantage to its possessor. After August 1 foreigners will be able to come to this country without the necessity

(Continued on page 122)



16 h.p. All-British

Cubitt

£325

Five Seater Touring Car.

Full-sized cars at small car prices.

Cubitt Two-Seater	£310
Cubitt 5-Seater Saloon Limousine	£490
Cubitt 5-Seater Landaulette	£515

The Cubitt looks exactly what it is—a roomy, comfortable and sturdy car, able to withstand the stress of hard service and capable of more than the usual mileage.

John S. Napier

CUBITT'S ENGINEERING CO., LTD.,
55 & 56, Pall Mall, . . . LONDON, S.W.1
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PRICES:

10 h.p. 2-Seater with Dickey or 'Chummy' Model	£235
10 h.p. ¾ Coupe Cabriolet	£285

A copy of the latest Swift Catalogue in which the whole range of Swift Cars is illustrated and described will be sent you free on request.

Manufacturers:
SWIFT OF COVENTRY, LTD., COVENTRY.
Sole London Distributors:
HENLYS Ltd., 91 & 155, Great Portland Street, W.1.

The Adventures of SternOlive and SternOliver—No. 7.

SternOlive: *Another of the "lame and the halt" brigade!*
SternOliver: *Give him some Sternol W.W., old bean—then he'll be able to "blind!"*

Will to Work

A NEGLECTED dog begs for your favour first. If you fail him, he distrusts you.

A neglected car—a car badly lubricated—at first anxiously makes noises, and shivers and shakes, to call your attention to its troubles. Then its system becomes soured and it works unwillingly.

Who wants a car like this? No one. We all want ideal cars that work with a will and never complain. Many possess such cars, for they have learnt the strength of the saying:

"FOR THE STERN TEST, TRUST STERNOL W.W."

Sternol. W.W.

—MAKES ENGINES PURR LIKE PUSSIES.

THE SUPER OIL, SUMMER *or* WINTER

COUPON

STERNOL

If you are unable to obtain from your usual dealers, remit us as under for the size packet you require and we will see that you are supplied.

1 gallon tin, ... 7/6 carriage forward.
5 gallon drum, with brass tap, 30/- carriage paid.
20 gallon drum, with brass tap, 115/- carriage paid.

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Address.....

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TO STERNS LTD., 156, ROYAL LONDON HOUSE, FINSBURY SQUARE, E.C.2.

WEMBLEY

We are the official suppliers of Lubricants for all plant in the Palace of Engineering, British Empire Exhibition.

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

of making deposits, so will, doubtless, flock over in greater numbers than before. Now, cannot our wonderful Government, if badgered enough by our motoring organisations, obtain from the Continental authorities equal facilities for British touring-car owners so that they do not have to put up deposits when seeking to visit those lands? I am sure many more English car-owners would go touring abroad if they did not have to pay these amounts, and so bring more business to the hotel-keepers and others on the Continent.

* * *

THE publicity given recently to the financial affairs of Harper-Bean, Ltd., have caused some confusion in the minds of some motorists that this firm is concerned with the Bean car. It is a private firm, Messrs. A. Harper, Sons and Bean, Ltd., that manufactures the Bean car, and the production of parts of this excellent motor-carriage are in no way jeopardised by the namesake firm referred to. Neither are Swift cars involved in this mix up, as both the Bean cars and the Swift cars have extricated themselves from the original combine of many motor-making concerns of which Harper-Bean, Ltd., represented the stock-holding company. As the 14 h.p. Bean is one of the most successful cars of this season, its patrons can feel perfectly happy in this matter, as it cannot possibly affect them or the cars themselves, whatever may eventually happen as regards Harper-Bean, Ltd. And Swift car owners are equally in as good a position.

* * *

ACCORDING to a recent circular, the showrooms of the A.C. cars at Pall Mall now contain a cheaper model than yet offered to the public. Its price is £275 with the usual 12 h.p. engine, chassis, etc., but some money has been saved in equipment and body details. As, however, its specification seems to contain all the parts that are absolutely necessary for the owner to have on his car, I do not suppose the average buyer will discover what is missing unless he compares the higher-priced article with the cheaper one when in the showroom itself. Its total weight with engine sump filled with oil, water in the radiator, and one gallon only of petrol in the tank, is 14 cwt., so its running expenses should be small. It is not equipped with low-pressure tyres, however, with which the higher-priced model is usually fitted.

* * *

RURAL CHARM

A family party picnicking under the trees within sight of the ruins of Kenilworth Castle. The car which brought them to the chosen spot is an 11 h.p. four-seater Standard

SINCE the Scottish Light-Car Trial of June, 1922, when the Star car won the coveted gold medal of its class, this Wolverhampton production has largely increased its circle of friends. Recently the Star Engineering Company, Ltd., have issued their general catalogue of the entire range of their manufactures. Mainly written for retailers and dealers, this well-illustrated catalogue contains a large amount of useful information on the detail features of the six-cylinder 18-40 h.p. Star, the 12-15 h.p. four-cylinder, besides the commercial vehicle chassis. The tendency to-day is developing the lighter car of the 1500 c.c. class to one slightly larger in order to more comfortably seat four or five persons and carry a fully enclosed type of coachwork body. The Star chassis of all types cater well for the present requirements of the motorist.

OLD HY.

By Appointment

Cider in Summer

AT Picnics, Tennis Parties, Dinner Parties and Summer Dances, Cider is the perfect summer drink—refreshing, invigorating and thirst-quenching. Bulmer's is recognised as the appropriate Cider for all occasions by those who know and want the best. It is evolved from the products of the best orchards by the elaborate champagne process, and also, owing to its low acidity, doctors recommend Bulmer's Champagne Cider to gouty or rheumatic patients.

Sold in all Restaurants at Wembley.

A BULMER RECIPE FOR CIDER CUP.

1 large bottle of Bulmer's Champagne Cider, broken ice, fresh fruit, orange, pineapple, bananas, slice of lemon, dash of Maraschino. Soda water optional.

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No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

Prese-ving Charm

Even more alluring than beauty of features, or dress, is the preservation of charm.

"4711" Eau de Cologne not only enhances one's personal charm, but is a silent tribute to the superlative refinement of taste.

The little watch-shaped bottles will be found very useful at outdoor functions, a timely inhalation quickly restores freshness and energy.

Ask for "4711"

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Over 130 Years Reputation for

GUARANTEED PURITY FULL STRENGTH and LASTING FRAGRANCE

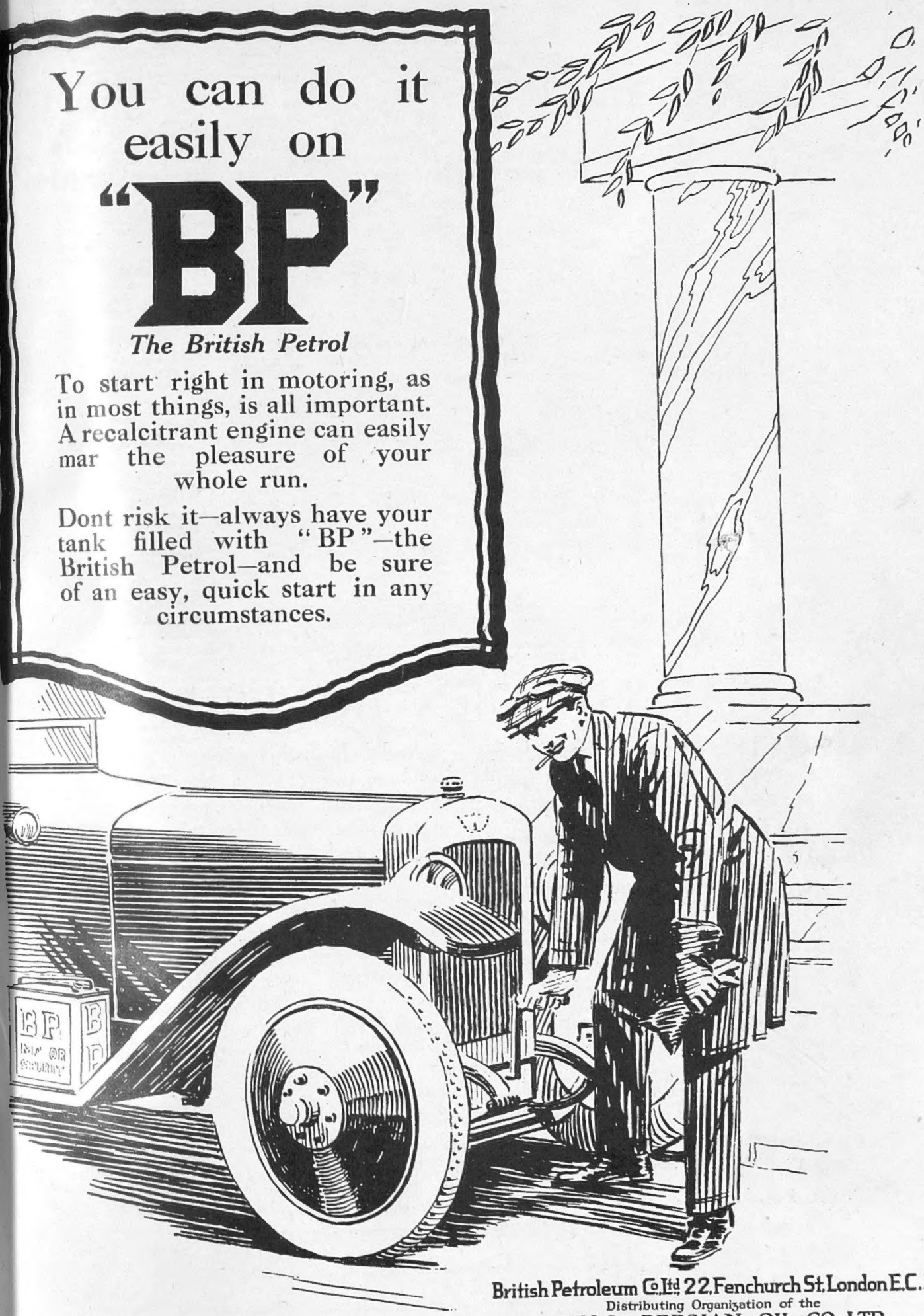
"4711" Eau de Cologne awaits you at all Dealers in High-Class Perfumes.

You can do it easily on "BP"

The British Petrol

To start right in motoring, as in most things, is all important. A recalcitrant engine can easily mar the pleasure of your whole run.

Dont risk it—always have your tank filled with "BP"—the British Petrol—and be sure of an easy, quick start in any circumstances.



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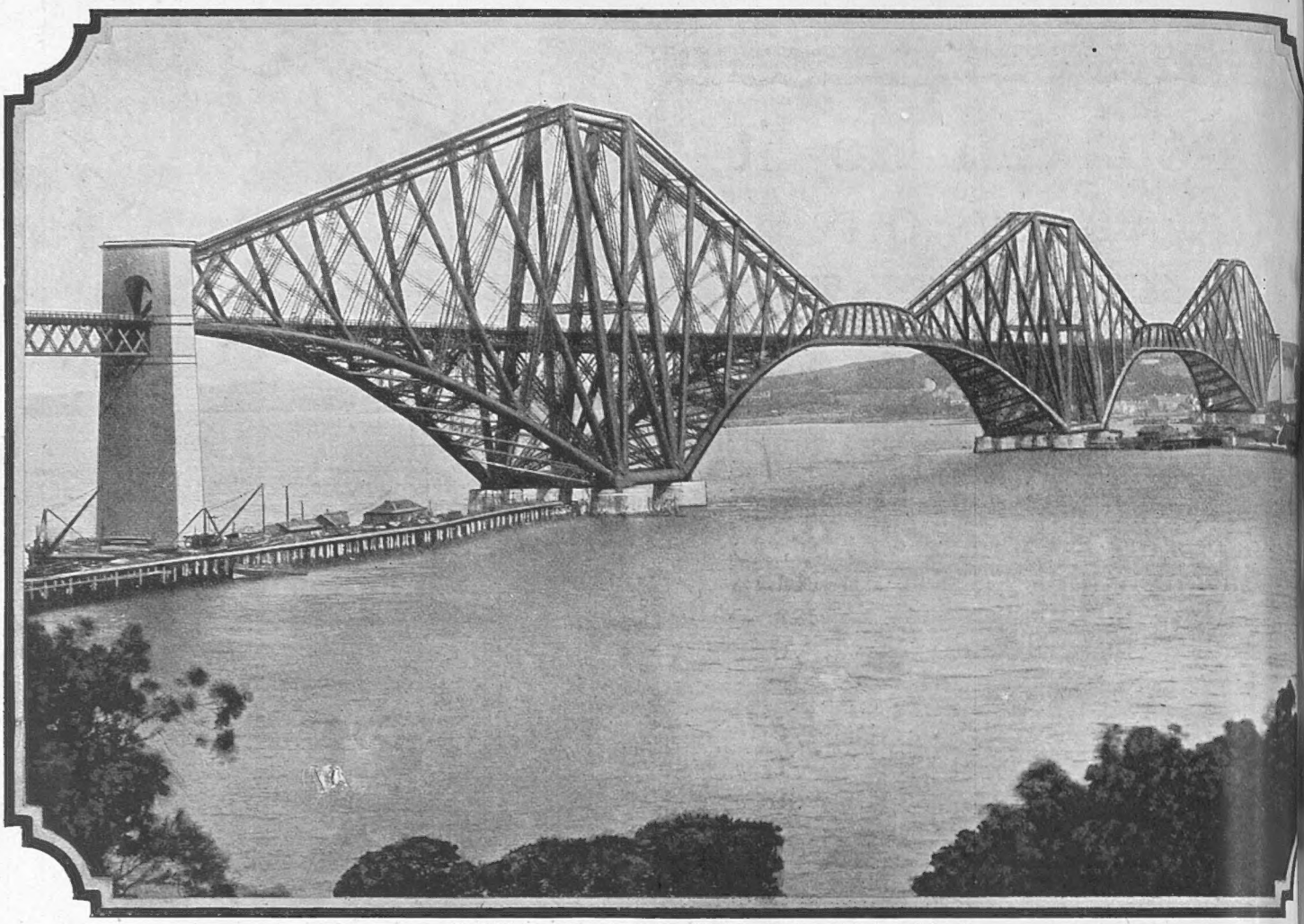

A WORLD-FAMED EMPIRE VIEW—THE FORTH BRIDGE.

THE HIDDEN IMPULSE

BEHIND great deeds, great glories, great renown, lies ever a simple thing making greatness possible.

Behind Watt's dream of the steam-engine, the lifting lid of a kettle; behind Newton's law of gravity, the falling of an apple; behind Shakespeare's sonnets, the eyes of Mary Fitton.

Behind the splendour of our British Commonwealth of Nations, the hardy health and vigour of our British people.

And behind this again, in countless homes throughout the Empire nothing more and nothing less than the simple ordinance which has everywhere become an accepted rule of well-being—to drink each day a draught of ENO's "Fruit Salt."

The daily 'dash' of ENO is the simple thing upon which greatly depend the good health and good humour that have ever been the leading characteristics of our race.

With ENO every particle dissolves, there is no gritty residue, no waste. Because ENO is safest and most dependable, it is in the long run the least expensive of health drinks. In point of sheer value it is without equal.

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The World-Famed Effervescent Saline

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